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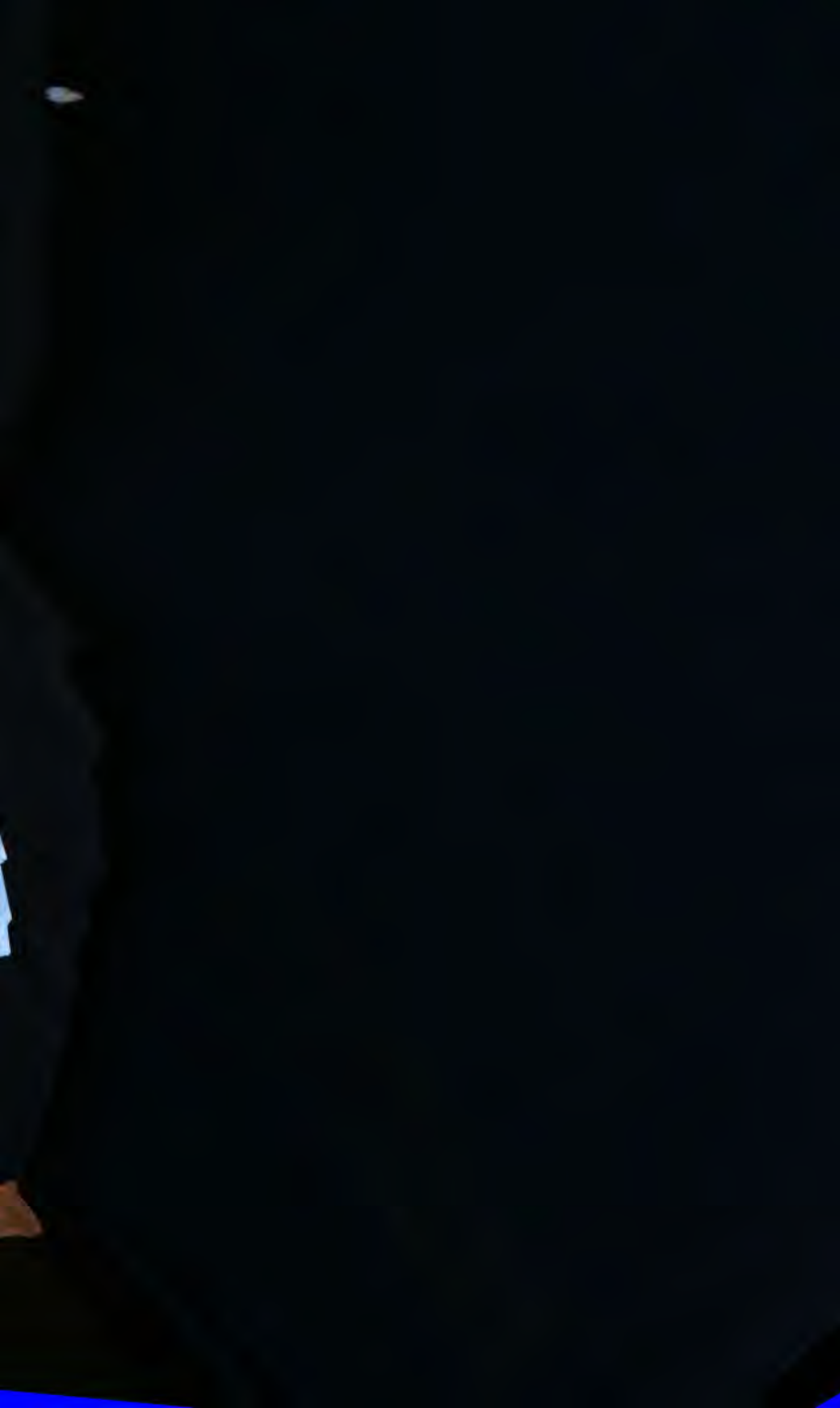
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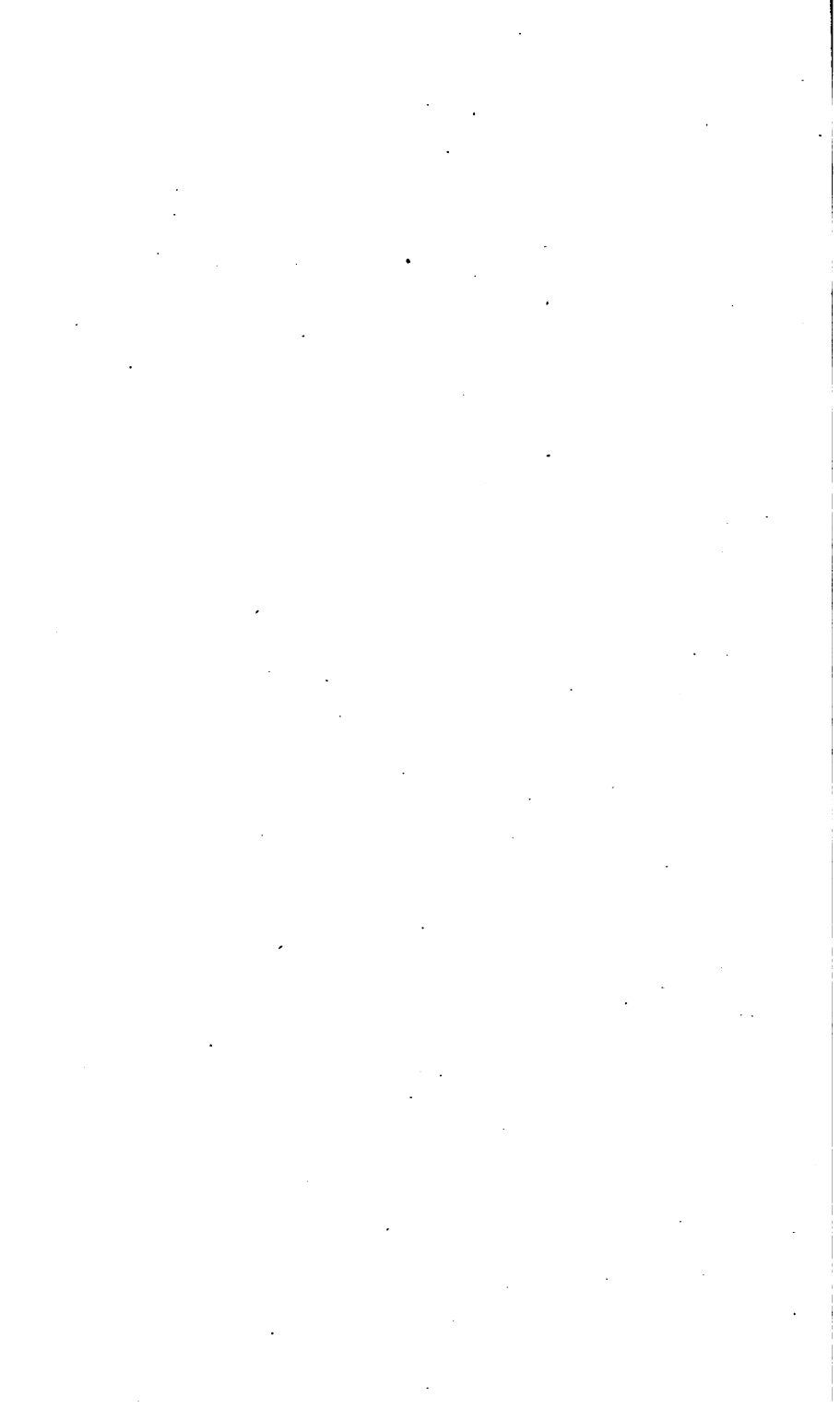


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FROM

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**THE DRAMATIC WORKS**  
**OF**  
**RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.**









G. W. H. Ritchie. Sc.

R. B. SHERIDAN.





THE DRAMATIC WORKS  
OF  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

RICHARD GRANT WHITE

---

VOL. II.



NEW-YORK  
DODD, MEAD, AND COMPANY  
1883

17474.24.1



*Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, appearing below the library stamp.*

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THE  
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL:  
A COMEDY.



## A PORTRAIT;

ADDRESSED TO MRS. CREWE, WITH THE COMEDY OF  
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

TELL me, ye prim adepts in Scandal's school,  
Who rail by precept, and detract by rule,  
Lives there no character, so tried, so known,  
So deck'd with grace, and so unlike your own,  
That even you assist her fame to raise,  
Approve by envy, and by silence praise!—  
Attend!—a model shall attract your view—  
Daughters of calumny, I summon you!  
You shall decide if this a portrait prove,  
Or fond creation of the Muse and Love.—  
Attend, ye virgin critics, shrewd and sage,  
Ye matron censors of this childish age,  
Whose peering eye and wrinkled front declare  
A fixt antipathy to young and fair;  
By cunning, cautious; or by nature, cold,  
In maiden madness, virulently bold!—

Attend! ye skilled to coin the precious tale,  
Creating proof, where inuendos fail!  
Whose practised memories, cruelly exact,  
Omit no circumstance, except the fact!—  
Attend, all ye who boast,—or old or young,—  
The living libel of a slanderous tongue!  
So shall my theme as far contrasted be,  
As saints by fiends, or hymns by calumny.  
Come, gentle Amoret, (for 'neath that name,  
In worthier verse is sung thy beauty's fame);  
Come—for but thee who seeks the Muse? and  
while

Celestial blushes check thy conscious smile,  
With timid grace, and hesitating eye,  
The perfect model, which I boast, supply:—  
Vain Muse! couldst thou the humblest sketch  
create

Of her, or slightest charm couldst imitate—  
Could thy blest strain in kindred colours trace  
The faintest wonder of her form and face—  
Poets would study the immortal line,  
And *Reynolds* own *his* art subdued by thine;  
That art, which well might added lustre give  
To Nature's best, and Heaven's superlative:  
On *Granby's* cheek might bid new glories rise,  
Or point a purer beam from *Devon's* eyes!  
Hard is the task to shape that beauty's praise,  
Whose judgment scorns the homage flattery pays!  
But praising Amoret we cannot err,  
No tongue o'ervalues Heaven, or flatters her!

Yet she by Fate's perverseness—she alone  
Would doubt our truth, nor deem such praise her  
own!

Adorning Fashion, unadorn'd by dress,  
Simple from taste, and not from carelessness;  
Discreet in gesture, in deportment mild,  
Not stiff with prudence, nor uncouthly wild:  
No state has *Amoret*! no studied mien;  
She frowns no *goddess*, and she moves *no queen*.  
The softer charm that in her manner lies  
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise;  
It justly suits th' expression of her face,—  
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!  
On her pure cheek the native hue is such,  
That form'd by heav'n to be admired so much,  
The hand divine, with a less partial care,  
Might well have fix'd a fainter crimson there,  
And bade the gentle inmate of her breast,—  
Inshrined Modesty!—supply the rest.  
But who the peril of her lips shall paint?  
Strip them of smiles—still, still all words are faint!  
But moving Love himself appears to teach  
Their action, though denied to rule her speech;  
And thou who seest her speak and dost not hear,  
Mourn not her distant accents 'scape thine ear;  
Viewing those lips, thou still may'st make pretence  
To judge of what she says, and swear 'tis sense:  
Cloth'd with such grace, with such expression  
fraught,

They move in meaning, and they pause in thought!

But dost thou farther watch, with charm'd surprise,  
The mild irresolution of her eyes,  
Curious to mark how frequent they repose,  
In brief eclipse and momentary close—  
Ah! seest thou not an ambush'd Cupid there,  
Too tim'rous of his charge, with jealous care  
Veils and unveils those beams of heav'nly light,  
Too full, too fatal else, for mortal sight?  
Nor yet, such pleasing vengeance fond to meet,  
In pard'ning dimples hope a safe retreat.  
What though her peaceful breast should ne'er allow  
Subduing frowns to arm her alter'd brow,  
By Love, I swear, and by his gentle wiles,  
More fatal still the mercy of her smiles!  
Thus lovely, thus adorn'd, possessing all  
Of bright or fair that can to woman fall,  
The height of vanity might well be thought  
Prerogative in her, and Nature's fault.  
Yet gentle *Amoret*, in mind supreme  
As well as charms, rejects the vainer theme;  
And half mistrustful of her beauty's store,  
She bars with wit those darts too keen before:—  
Read in all knowledge that her sex should reach,  
Though *Greville*, or the *Muse*, should deign to teach,  
Fond to improve, nor tim'rous to discern  
How far it is a woman's grace to learn;  
In *Millar's* dialect she would not prove  
Apollo's priestess, but Apollo's love,  
Graced by those signs, which truth delights to own,  
The timid blush, and mild submitted tone:

Whate'er she says, though sense appear throughout,  
Displays the tender hue of female doubt;  
Deck'd with that charm, how lovely wit appears,  
How graceful *science*, when that robe she wears!  
Such too her talents, and her bent of mind,  
As speak a sprightly heart by thought refined,  
A taste for mirth, by contemplation school'd,  
A turn for ridicule, by candour ruled,  
A scorn of folly, which she tries to hide;  
An awe of talent, which she owns with pride!

Peace! idle Muse,—no more thy strain prolong,  
But yield a theme, thy warmest praises wrong;  
Just to her merit, though thou canst not raise  
Thy feeble verse, behold th' acknowledged praise  
Has spread conviction through the envious train,  
And cast a fatal gloom o'er Scandal's reign!  
And lo! each pallid hag, with blister'd tongue,  
Mutters assent to all thy zeal has sung—  
Owns all the colours just—the outline true;  
Thee my inspirer, and my *model*—CREWE!





## PROLOGUE.

*Written by* MR. GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for Scandal! tell me, I beseech you,  
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?  
No need of lessons now, the knowing think;  
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.  
Caused by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours  
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;  
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit;  
Crave what you will—there's *quantum sufficit*.  
“Lord!” cries my Lady *Wormwood* (who loves tattle,  
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle),  
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing  
Strong tea and scandal—“Bless me, how refreshing!  
“Give me the papers, *Lisp*—how bold and free! (*sips*)  
“*Last night Lord L. (sips) was caught with Lady D.*  
“For aching heads what charming *sal volatile!* (*sips*)  
“*If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,*  
“*We hope she'll DRAW, or we'll UNDRAW the curtain.*  
“Fine satire, poz—in public all abuse it,  
“But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't refuse it.

"Now, *Lisp*, read you—there, at that dash and star:"

"Yes, ma'am—*A certain lord had best beware,*

*"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor Square ;*

*"For should he Lady W. find willing,*

*"Wormwood is bitter"*—"Oh ! that's me, the villain !

"Throw it behind the fire, and never more

"Let that vile paper come within my door."

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart ;

To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.

Is our young bard so young, to think that he

Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny ?

Knows he the world so little, and its trade ?

Alas ! the devil's sooner raised than laid.

So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging :

Cut Scandal's head off, still the tongue is wagging.

Proud of your smiles once lavishly bestow'd,

Again our young Don Quixoté takes the road ;

To show his gratitude he draws his pen,

And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in his den.

For your applause all perils he would through—

He'll fight—that's write—a cavalliero true,

Till every drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

·DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,  
MAY 8, 1777.

---

<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i>	. . . .	Mr. KING.
<i>Sir Oliver Surface</i>	. . . .	Mr. YATES.
<i>Joseph Surface</i>	. . . .	Mr. PALMER.
<i>Charles</i>	. . . . .	Mr. SMITH.
<i>Crabtree</i>	. . . . .	Mr. PARSONS.
<i>Sir Benjamin Backbite</i>	. .	Mr. DODD.
<i>Rowley</i>	. . . . .	Mr. AICKIN.
<i>Moses</i>	. . . . .	Mr. BADDELEY.
<i>Trip</i>	. . . . .	Mr. LAMASH.
<i>Snake</i>	. . . . .	Mr. PACKER.
<i>Careless</i>	. . . . .	Mr. FARREN.
<i>Sir Harry Bumper</i>	. . .	Mr. GAWDRY.
<i>Lady Teazle</i>	. . . . .	Mrs. ABINGTON.
<i>Maria</i>	. . . . .	Miss P. HOPKINS.
<i>Lady Sneerwell</i>	. . . .	Miss SHERRY.
<i>Mrs. Candour</i>	. . . .	Miss POPE.



# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Lady SNEERWELL's *House*.

*Discovered* Lady SNEERWELL *at the dressing-table*;  
SNAKE *drinking chocolate*.

*Lady Sneer.* THE paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

*Snake.* They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady Sneer.* Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

*Snake.* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I

think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady Sneer.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons disinherited; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements; nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

*Lady Sneer.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true.—She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady Sneer.* You are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least — every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even

when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady Sneer.* Yes, my dear Snake ; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady Sneer.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family ?

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death ; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of—the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character : the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite : the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a



good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No!

*Lady Sneer.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

*Snake.* Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

*Lady Sneer.* How dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice everything?

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

*Lady Sneer.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious—in short, a sentimental knave; while with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes; yet Sir Peter vows he has not his equal in England—and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady Sneer.* True—and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought Sir Peter entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Mr. Surface.

*Lady Sneer.* Show him up.     [*Exit SERVANT.*]

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Joseph S.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady Sneer.* Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

*Joseph S.* Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria—or, what is more material to me, your brother.

*Joseph S.* I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken a good effect on Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you: but do your brother's distresses increase?

*Joseph S.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed any thing I have ever heard of.

*Lady Sneer.* Poor Charles!

*Joseph S.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one can't help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not share in the distresses of a brother, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves ——

*Lady Sneer.* O Lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Joseph S.* Egad, that's true! — I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter; — however, it certainly is

a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by a person of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

*Snake.* I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you.—Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

[*Exit SNAKE.*]

*Joseph S.* Sir, your very devoted.—Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

*Lady Sneer.* Why so?

*Joseph S.* I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady Sneer.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Joseph S.* Nothing more likely:—take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany.—Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA.*

*Lady Sneer.* Maria, my dear, how do you do? —What's the matter?

*Maria.* Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my

guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slept out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady Sneer.* Is that all?

*Joseph S.* If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you would avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph S.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle's as bad.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, but we should make allowance,—Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part, I confess, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady Sneer.* Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill nature: the malice of

a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—  
What's your opinion, Mr. Surface ?

*Joseph S.* To be sure, madam ; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria.* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

*Lady Sneer.* Beg her to walk in.—[*Exit SERVANT.*]  
—Now, Maria, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

*Maria.* Yes,—with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph S.* I'faith that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady Sneer.* Hush!—here she is!—

*Enter Mrs. CANDOUR.*

*Mrs. Can.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph S.* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* Oh, Maria! child,—what is the whole affair off between you and Charles?—His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

*Maria.* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. Can.* True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. Can.* Very true, child:—but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt.—But, Lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. Can.* So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes.—Lord, now who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York diligence with her dancing-master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. Can.* Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino;—though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph S.* The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

*Maria.* 'Tis so,—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

*Mrs. Can.* To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one: but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise hinted that a certain widow, in the



next street, had got rid of her dropsy and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir H. Boquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation.—But, Lord, do you think I would report these things?—No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

*Joseph S.* Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good nature!

*Mrs. Can.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best.—By the by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

*Joseph S.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; every body almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph S.* Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

*Enter* SERVANT.

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

*Lady Sneer.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

*Enter* CRABTREE and Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

*Crabt.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand — Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir Benj. B.* O fie, uncle!

*Crabt.* Nay, egad it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom.—Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire? — Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; — your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and —

*Sir Benj. B.* Uncle, now — pr'ythee —

*Crabt.* I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these fine sort of things.

*Lady Sneer.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish any thing.

*Sir Benj. B.* To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties.—However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

*Crabt.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you!—you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

*Sir Benj. B.* Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.—'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

*Crabt.* But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

*Mrs. Can.* What, sir, do you mean the report of——

*Crabt.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. Can.* Impossible!

*Crabt.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

*Sir Benj. B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

*Crabt.* Yes—and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

*Lady Sneer.* Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. Can.* It can't be—and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir Benj. B.* O Lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. Can.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

*Sir Benj. B.* True, madam,—there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. Can.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am.—Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge?—Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

*Sir Benj. B.* Oh, to be sure!—the most whimsical circumstance.

*Lady Sneer.* How was it, pray?

*Crabt.* Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it—for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins.—What! cries the Lady Dowager Dundizzy (who you know is as deaf as a post), has Miss Piper had twins?—This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next morning every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

*Lady Sneer.* Strange, indeed!

*Crabt.* Matter of fact, I assure you.—O Lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

*Joseph S.* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crabt.* He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe?

—Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on !

*Joseph S.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure ; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir Benj. B.* To be sure he may : for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say ; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman :—no man more popular there, 'fore Gad ! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine ; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

*Sir Benj. B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities ; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph S.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* Their malice is intolerable.—Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning : I'm not very well.      [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Mrs. Can.* O dear ! she changes colour very much.

*Lady Sneer.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her : she may want assistance.

*Mrs. Can.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am.—Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be !      [*Exit MRS. CANDOUR.*]

*Lady Sneer.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

*Sir Benj. B.* The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

*Crabt.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that :—follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

*Sir Benj. B.* Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you ; but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

*Crabt.* O Lud, lay ! undone as ever man was.—Can't raise a guinea !—

*Sir Benj. B.* And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.—

*Crabt.* I have seen one that was at his house.—Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were

overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots—

*Sir Benj. B.* And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him. [Going.

*Crabt.* Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

*Sir Benj. B.* But, however, as he's your brother— [Going.

*Crabt.* We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[Exit CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN.

*Lady Sneer.* Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

*Joseph S.* And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

*Lady Sneer.* I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

Sir PETER'S *House.*

*Enter* SIR PETER.

*Sir Peter T.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six



months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor-square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Rowley.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

*Sir Peter T.* Very bad, Master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Rowley.* What can have happened to trouble you since yesterday?

*Sir Peter T.* A good question to a married man !

*Rowley.* Nay, I'm sure your lady, Sir Peter, can't be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir Peter T.* Why, has any body told you she was dead ?

*Rowley.* Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir Peter T.* But the fault is entirely hers, Master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper ; and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Rowley.* Indeed !

*Sir Peter T.* Ay ; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong ! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition.—Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward, whom I ought to have the power over, is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband ; meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*Rowley.* You know, Sir Peter, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you

may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir Peter T.* You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the *sentiments* he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Rowley.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir Peter T.* What! let me hear.

*Rowley.* Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town.

*Sir Peter T.* How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Rowley.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

*Sir Peter T.* Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis fifteen years since we met.—We have had many a day together:—but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Rowley.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir Peter T.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits—he shall have his way: but, pray, does he know I am married?

*Rowley.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir Peter T.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together, and he has been steady to his text.—Well, he must be soon at my house, though!—I'll instantly give orders for his reception.—But, Master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Rowley.* By no means.

*Sir Peter T.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Rowley.* I understand you:—but then you must

be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir Peter T. Egad*, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah! Master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no — the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Excunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE.

*Sir Peter T.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing, and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir Peter T.* Very well, ma'am, very well;—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir Peter T.* Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not

more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir Peter T.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a fête champêtre at Christmas.

*Lady T.* And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir Peter T.* Oons! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style:—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady T.* O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led.—My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,—and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir Peter T.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—vis-à-vis—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington-gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach-horse.

*Lady T.* No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir Peter T.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.



*Lady T.* Well, then,—and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is——

*Sir Peter T.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir Peter T.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir Peter T.* 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

*Sir Peter T.* The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay—there again—taste—Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to

taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, if we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir Peter T.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse.—When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye.

[*Exit* Lady TEAZLE.

*Sir Peter T.* So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation : yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority ! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her ; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*At* Lady SNEERWELL'S.

*Enter* Lady SNEERWELL, Mrs. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE.

*Lady Sneer.* Nay, positively, we will hear it.

*Joseph S.* Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

*Sir Benj. B.* O plague on't, uncle ! 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No, no ; 'fore Gad, very clever for an extempore !

Sc. 2.    *The School for Scandal.*    47

*Sir Benj. B.* But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricie was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure can't be wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

*Crabt.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback too.

*Joseph S.* A very Phœbus, mounted—indeed, Sir Benjamin.

*Sir Benj. B.* O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

*Enter Lady TEAZLE and MARIA.*

*Mrs. Can.* I must have a copy.

*Lady Sneer.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

*Lady T.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady Sneer.* Maria, my love, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards — however, I'll do as you please.

*Lady T.* I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her ; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. *[Aside.*

*Mrs. Can.* Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady T.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour ?

*Mrs. Can.* They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome.

*Lady Sneer.* O surely she is a pretty woman.

*Crabb.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. Can.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady T.* Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. Can.* O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural: I have seen it come and go.

*Lady T.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Sir Benj. B.* True, ma'am, it not only comes and goes, but, what's more—egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

*Crabb.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O Lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. Can.* Now positively you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost—and I don't think she looks more.

*Sir Benj. B.* Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, well, if *Mrs. Evergreen* *does* take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre chalks her wrinkles.

*Sir Benj. B.* Nay, now, *Lady Sneerwell*, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill—but when she has finished her face, she joins it so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur sees at once that the head's modern, though the trunk's antique.

*Crabt.* Ha! ha! ha! well said, nephew!

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha! well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it.—What do you think of *Miss Simper*?

*Sir Benj. B.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady T.* Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were,—thus

[*Shows her teeth.*]

*Mrs. Can.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady T.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were,—thus—*How do you do, madam?*    *Yes, madam.*

*Lady Sneer.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady T.* In defence of a friend it is but justice.—But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

*Enter* Sir PETER TEAZLE.

*Sir Peter T.* Ladies, your most obedient.—Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose.      [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Can.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious—and Lady Teazle as bad as any one.

*Sir Peter T.* It must be very distressing to you, Mrs. Candour, I dare swear.

*Mrs. Can.* O they will allow good qualities to nobody; not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy.

*Lady T.* What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. Can.* Nay, her bulk is her misfortune; and

when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady Sneer.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady T.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullies; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the Ring on a full trot.

*Mrs. Can.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, a good defence, truly!

*Mrs. Can.* Truly, Lady Teazle is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious—an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. Can.* Positively you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty.

*Lady Sneer.* Though, surely, she is handsome still—and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.



*Mrs. Can.* True, and then as to her manner; upon my word I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education: for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir Benj. B.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! [*Aside.*

*Mrs. Can.* For my part, I own I cannot bear to hear a friend ill spoken of.

*Sir Peter T.* No, to be sure!

*Sir Benj. B.* Oh! you are of a moral turn. Mrs. Candour and I can sit for an hour and hear Lady Stucco talk sentiment.

*Lady T.* Nay, I vow Lady Stucco is very well with the dessert after dinner; for she's just like the French fruit one cracks for mottos—made up of paint and proverb.

*Mrs. Can.* Well, I never will join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle, and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

*Crabt.* O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir Benj. B.* So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

**Craft.** Caledonian locks—

*Sir Benj. B.* Dutch nose—

**Crab.** Austrian lips—

**Sir Benj. B. Complexion of a Spaniard—**

*Crab.* And teeth *à la Chinois* —

*Sir Benj. B.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa—where no two guests are of a nation—

*Crab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war—wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs. Can.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week. [*Aside.*

*Lady Smeer.* Go, go ; you are a couple of provoking toads.

*Mrs. Can.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so—for give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle——

*Sir Peter T.* Madam, madam, I beg your pardon—there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues.—But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

*Lady Sneer.* Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature,—too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir Peter T.* Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady T.* True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir Benj. B.* Or rather, madam, suppose them to be man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.

*Lady T.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir Peter T.* 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, I believe there are many would thank them for the bill.

*Lady Sneer.* O Lud! Sir Peter; would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady Sneer.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs. Can.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the indorsers.

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Sir Peter T.* O, nine out of ten of the malicious inventions are founded on some ridiculous misrepresentation!

*Lady Sneer.* Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

*Enter a SERVANT, who whispers Sir PETER.*

*Sir Peter T.* I'll be with them directly.—I'll get away unperceived.     [*Apart.*

*Lady Sneer.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

*Sir Peter T.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me.     [*Exit Sir PETER.*

*Sir Benj. B.* Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily if he were not your husband.

*Lady T.* O, pray don't mind that ;—come, do let's hear them.

*[Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.]*

*Joseph S.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* How is it possible I should ?—If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness !

*Joseph S.* Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible ; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the interference of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Joseph S.* Undoubtedly, madam ; and it has always been a sentiment of mine, that to propagate a malicious truth wantonly is more despicable than to falsify from revenge. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone ?—Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion ?

*Maria.* Why will you distress me by renewing the subject ?

*Joseph S.* Ah, Maria ! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will,

but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Maria.* Ungenerously urged! — But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

*Joseph S.* Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear — Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle! — [*Aside.*] — You must not — no, you shall not — for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle —

*Maria.* Lady Teazle!

*Joseph S.* Yet were Sir Peter to suspect —

*Enter Lady TEAZLE, and comes forward.*

*Lady T.* What is this, pray? Do you take her for me? — Child, you are wanted in the next room. — [*Exit MARIA.*] — What is all this, pray?

*Joseph S.* O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady T.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a  
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very tender mode of reasoning — do you usually argue on your knees ?

*Joseph S.* O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast — But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised ?

*Lady T.* No, no ; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion sanctions.

*Joseph S.* True — a mere platonic cicisbeo — what every wife is entitled to.

*Lady T.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. — However, I have so much of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to —

*Joseph S.* The only revenge in your power. — Well — I applaud your moderation.

*Lady T.* Go — you are an insinuating wretch. — But we shall be missed — let us join the company.

*Joseph S.* But we had best not return together.

*Lady T.* Well — don't stay ; for Maria sha'n't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you. [Exit Lady TEAZLE.]

*Joseph S.* A curious dilemma my politics have run me into ! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my

enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many cursed rogueries that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.     *[Exit.*

SCENE III.

Sir PETER TEAZLE'S.

*Enter ROWLEY and Sir OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Sir Oliver S.* Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey? — a young wife out of the country. — Ha! ha! ha! that he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

*Rowley.* But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir Oliver S.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance! — Poor Peter! — But you say he has entirely given up Charles, — never sees him, hey?

*Rowley.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has industriously



been led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating, prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it.— But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you.— No, no,—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Rowley.* Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him.— Ah, sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir Oliver S.* What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself?— Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

*Rowley.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.— But here comes Sir Peter.

*Sir Oliver S.* Egad, so he does.— Mercy on me!

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—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

*Enter* Sir PETER TEAZLE.

*Sir Peter T.* Hah! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir Oliver S.* Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and i'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

*Sir Peter T.* Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, I have had my share.—But, what! I find you are married, hey?—Well, well—it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Sir Peter T.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver.—Yes, I have entered into—the happy state;—but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir Oliver S.* True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.—

*Rowley.* Take care, pray, sir.—

*Sir Oliver S.* Well—so one of my nephews is a wild fellow, hey?

*Sir Peter T.* Wild!—Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost

young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir Oliver S.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him! — Pshaw! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir Peter T.* What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, well — you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir Oliver S.* Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. — But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Rowley.* And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir Peter T.* Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

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*Sir Oliver S.* Well — come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health, and tell you our scheme.

*Sir Peter T. Allons* then!

*Sir Oliver S.* And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green succours of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree.    [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SIR PETER TEAZLE'S.

*Enter* SIR PETER TEAZLE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE,  
and ROWLEY.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards :—but how is this, master Rowley ? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Rowley.* Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, who I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, to Mr. Surface and Charles : from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do ; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ah !—he is my brother's son.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to —

*Rowley.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it,—“a heart to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting charity.”

*Sir Peter T.* Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well—make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Rowley.* Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir Peter T.* Pray let us have him in.

*Rowley.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

[*Apart to SERVANT.*

*Sir Peter T.* But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth ?

*Rowley.* Oh ! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived ; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests : I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery, and shall speedily produce him to remove some of your prejudices.

*Sir Peter T.* I have heard too much on that subject.

*Rowley.* Here comes the honest Israelite.—

*Enter MOSES.*

—This is Sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliver S.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

*Moses.* Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him ; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir Oliver S.* That was unlucky, truly ; for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

*Moses.* None at all ; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir Oliver S.* Unfortunate, indeed!—But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, he knows that;—this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir Peter T.* What,—one Charles has never had money from before?

*Moses.* Yes,—Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir Peter T.* Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me!—Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Moses.* Not at all.

*Sir Peter T.* Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir Oliver S.* Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as Old Stanley.

*Sir Peter T.* True—so you may.

*Rowley.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure;—however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?



*Moses.* You may depend upon me;—this is near the time I was to have gone.

*Sir Oliver S.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses——But hold! I have forgot one thing—how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

*Moses.* There's no need—the principal is Christian.

*Sir Oliver S.* Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, a'n't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money lender?

*Sir Peter T.* Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage—would it, Moses?

*Moses.* Not in the least.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well—but how must I talk?—there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir Peter T.* O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands—hey, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir Oliver S.* I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Moses.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

*Sir Oliver S.* Hey!—what the plague!—how much then?

*Moses.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the monies very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir Peter T.* A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

*Sir Oliver S.* Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

*Moses.* Then, you know, you hav'n't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of an old friend.

*Sir Oliver S.* Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

*Moses.* And your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

*Sir Oliver S.* My friend an unconscionable dog?

*Moses.* Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

*Sir Oliver S.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir Peter T.* I'faith, Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean, you'll soon be master of the trade. But, Moses! would not you have him run out a little against the Annuity Bill? That would be in character, I should think.

*Moses.* Very much.

*Rowley.* And lament that a young man now must be at years of discretion before he is suffered to ruin himself?

*Moses.* Ay, great pity!

*Sir Peter T.* And abuse the public for allowing merit to an act, whose only object is to snatch misfortune and imprudence from the rapacious gripe of usury, and give the minor a chance of inheriting his estate without being undone by coming into possession.

*Sir Oliver S.* So — so — Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

*Sir Peter T.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir Oliver S.* O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

[*Exeunt* Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.]

*Sir Peter T.* So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Rowley.* No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently.—I see Maria, and want to speak with her. [*Exit* ROWLEY.] I

should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph—I am determined I will do it—he will give me his opinion sincerely.

*Enter MARIA.*

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you ?

*Maria.* No, sir ; he was engaged.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves ?

*Maria.* Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely—you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*Sir Peter T.* So—here's perverseness !—No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Maria.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him : I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir Peter T.* Well, well, pity him as much as you please; but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

*Maria.* Never to his brother!

*Sir Peter T.* Go—perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Maria.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.      [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Sir Peter T.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? every thing conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty man, died, on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little!

*Enter Lady TEAZLE.*

*Lady T.* Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir Peter T.* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have

the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir Peter T.* Two hundred pounds! what, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond for the repayment.

*Lady T.* O no—there—my note of hand will do as well.

[*Offering her hand.*]

*Sir Peter T.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir Peter T.* Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you—you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me

under the chin, you would ; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you ?

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive —

*Lady T.* Ay—so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir Peter T.* Indeed !

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir Peter T.* And you prophesied right ; and we shall now be the happiest couple —

*Lady T.* And never differ again ?

*Sir Peter T.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously ; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter : indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir Peter T.* Now see, my angel ! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir Peter T.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir Peter T.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't:—but if you will be so peevish—

*Sir Peter T.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir Peter T.* No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir Peter T.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir Peter T.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir Peter T.* No, no, madam: 'tis evident you



never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who every body said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

*Sir Peter T.* I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad.—Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam.—Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are—not without grounds.—

*Lady T.* Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir Peter T.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of

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myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.—Let us separate, madam.

*Lady T.* Agreed! agreed!—And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye—bye. *[Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

CHARLES SURFACE'S *House.*

*Enter TRIP, MOSES, and Sir OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Trip.* Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether—what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir Oliver S.* Mr. Moses, what is my name?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium—very well.

*[Exit TRIP, taking snuff.*

*Sir Oliver S.* To judge by the servants, one

wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what! — sure, this was my brother's house?

*Moses.* Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c. just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir Oliver S.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

*Enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir Oliver S.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

*Trip.* Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here — I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

*Sir Oliver S.* Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

*Trip.* Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

*Trip.* Why, yes — here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear — and not very great either — but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

*Sir Oliver S.* Bags and bouquets! halters and bastinadoes! [*Aside.*

*Trip.* And, *à-propos*, Moses—have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

*Sir Oliver S.* Wants to raise money too!—mercy on me! Has his distresses too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns. [*Aside.*]

**Moses.** 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

*Trip.* Good lack, you surprise me! My friend Brush has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

*Moses.* No ! 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum—but twenty pounds. Hark’ee, Moses, do you think you couldn’t get it me by way of annuity?

*Sir Oliver S.* An annuity! ha! ha! a footman  
raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury,  
egad! [*Aside.*

**Moses.** Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* O with all my heart! I'll insure my place,  
and my life too, if you please.

*Sir Oliver S.* It's more than I would your neck.  
[*Aside.*]

**Moses.** But is there nothing you could deposit ?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a

mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November—or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver :—these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security—hey, my little fellow ?

*Moses.* Well, well. [*Bell rings.*

*Trip.* Egad, I heard the bell ! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses ! This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

*Sir Oliver S.* If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed !

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, &c. &c. at a table  
with wine, &c.

*Charles S.* 'Fore heaven, 'tis true ! — there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness ; but, plague on't, they won't drink.

*Careless.* It is so indeed, Charles ! they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O certainly society suffers by it intolerably ; for now, instead of the

social spirit of raillery that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulence of Champagne, without the spirit or flavour.

*1st Gent.* But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Careless.* True: there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Charles S.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad, I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of Champagne, and I never lose — at least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*2d Gent.* Ay, that I believe.

*Charles S.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Careless.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Charles S.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give

a round of her peers, which is impossible—on earth.

*Careless.* Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

*Charles S.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!—

*Sir Harry B.* Maria who?

*Charles S.* O damn the surname—'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; but now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

*Careless.* Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir Harry B.* Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Chorus.*      Let the toast pass,—  
                 Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;  
Now to the maid who has none, sir:  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but *one*, sir.

*Chorus.*      Let the toast pass, &c.

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Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry:  
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And now to the girl that is merry.

*Chorus.*     Let the toast pass, &c.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.

*Chorus.*     Let the toast pass, &c.

*All.* Bravo! bravo!

*Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Charles S.* Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you?

*Careless.* Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in by chance?

*Charles S.* No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Careless.* O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

*1st Gent.* Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

*2d Gent.* Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

*Charles S.* Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in—though there's one of them a stranger, I can tell you.

*Careless.* Charles, let us give them some gener-



ous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

*Charles S.* O hang 'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet their knavery.

*Enter TRIP, Sir OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES.*

*Charles S.* So, honest Moses, walk in: walk in, pray, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, sir.

*Charles S.* Set chairs, Trip—sit down, Mr. Premium—glasses, Trip—sit down, Moses. Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment; here's *Success to usury!*—Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Moses.* *Success to usury!*

*Careless.* Right, Moses—usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir Oliver S.* Then—*here's all the success it deserves!*

*Careless.* No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

*1st Gent.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Moses.* O pray, sir, consider—Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

*Careless.* And therefore loves good wine.

*2d Gent.* Give Moses a quart glass—this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Careless.* Here, now for't! I'll see justice done, to the last drop of my bottle.

*Sir Oliver S.* Nay, pray, gentlemen—I did not expect this usage.

*Charles S.* No, hang it, you sha'n't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

*Sir Oliver S.* Odd! I wish I was well out of their company.     [*Aside.*

*Careless.* Plague on 'em then!—if they don't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room—Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Charles S.* I will! I will! [*Exeunt.*] *Careless!*

*Careless.* [*Returning.*] Well!

*Charles S.* Perhaps I may want you.

*Careless.* O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me.     [*Exit.*

*Moses.* Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secresy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is—

*Charles S.* Pshaw! have done.—Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles.

Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this : I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money—you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who have got money to lend.—I am block-head enough to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it ; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

*Sir Oliver S.* Exceeding frank, upon my word.—I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Charles S.* Oh no, sir ! plain dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir Oliver S.* Sir, I like you the better for it—however, you are mistaken in one thing ; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend ; but then he's an unconscionable dog, isn't he, Moses ?

*Moses.* But you can't help that.

*Sir Oliver S.* And must sell stock to accommodate you—mustn't he, Moses ?

*Moses.* Yes, indeed ! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie !

*Charles S.* Right. People that speak truth generally do : but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What ! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't !

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*Sir Oliver S.* Well—but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

*Sir Oliver S.* Nor any stock, I presume?

*Charles S.* Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

*Sir Oliver S.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Charles S.* Then you must know that I have a dev'lish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

*Sir Oliver S.* That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Charles S.* O no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

*Sir Oliver S.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, 'tis just so—Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

*Moses.* O yes! I'll swear to it.

*Sir Oliver S.* Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal. *[Aside.]*

*Charles S.* Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear that any thing had happened to him.

*Sir Oliver S.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Charles S.* O yes, you would—the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir Oliver S.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Charles S.* What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

*Sir Oliver S.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in christendom.

*Charles S.* There again now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations don't know him.

*Sir Oliver S.* No! ha! ha! ha! so much altered

lately, that his nearest relations don't know him!  
ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

*Charles S.* Ha! ha!—you're glad to hear that,  
little Premium?

*Sir Oliver S.* No, no, I'm not.

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—  
You know that mends your chance.

*Sir Oliver S.* But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming  
over?—nay, some say he is actually arrived?

*Charles S.* Pshaw! Sure I must know better  
than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely  
on't he's at this moment at Calcutta—isn't he,  
Moses?

*Moses.* O yes, certainly.

*Sir Oliver S.* Very true, as you say, you must  
know better than I, though I have it from pretty  
good authority—haven't I, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, most undoubted!

*Sir Oliver S.* But, sir, as I understand you want  
a few hundreds immediately—is there nothing you  
could dispose of?

*Charles S.* How do you mean?

*Sir Oliver S.* For instance, now, I have heard  
that your father left behind him a great quantity of  
massy old plate?

*Charles S.* O Lud!—that's gone long ago.—  
Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir Oliver S.* Good lack! all the family race cups and corporation bowls!—[*Aside.*] Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact——

*Charles S.* Yes, yes, so it was——vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

*Sir Oliver S.* Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir loom! [*Aside.*] Pray, what are become of the books?

*Charles S.* You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.\*

*Moses.* I know nothing of books.

*Sir Oliver S.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain.

*Sir Oliver S.* Hey! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

*Charles S.* Every man of them to the best bidder.

*Sir Oliver S.* What! your great uncles and aunts?

*Charles S.* Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

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*Sir Oliver S.* Now I give him up. [*Aside.*]  
What the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Charles S.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, I'll be the purchaser; I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! [*Aside.*]

*Enter CARELESS.*

*Careless.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Charles S.* I can't come yet: i'faith we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

*Careless.* O, burn your ancestors!

*Charles S.* No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

*Careless.* Oh, have with you, if that's the case. Handle a hammer as well as a dice-box!

*Sir Oliver S.* Oh, the profligates! [*Aside.*]

*Charles S.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?



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*Sir Oliver S.* O yes, I do, vastly. Ha! ha! ha!  
yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family  
by auction—ha! ha!—O the prodigal! [*Aside.*]

*Charles S.* To be sure! when a man wants  
money, where the plague should he get assistance  
if he can't make free with his own relations?

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Picture Room at Charles's.*

*Enter* CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE,  
MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

*Charles S.* Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—  
here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the  
Conquest.

*Sir Oliver S.* And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit  
of portrait painting; no *volontier grace* and expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture.—No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles S.* I hope not.—Well, you see, master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family.—But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my father's will answer the purpose.

*Careless.* Ay, ay, this will do.—But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles S.* Egad, that's true;—what parchment have we here?—O, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless,—you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue,—this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir Oliver S.* What an unnatural rogue!—an *ex post facto* parricide! [Aside.

*Careless.* Yes, yes, here's a bit of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill serve not only as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain.—Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles S.* Bravo, Careless!—Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served

in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet.—What say you, Mr. Premium?—look at him—there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be.—What do you bid?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

*Charles S.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir Oliver S.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! [*Aside.*]—Well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard.—Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, thought to be in his best manner, and a very formidable likeness.—There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock.—You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! [*Aside.*]—Five pounds ten—she's mine.

*Charles S.* Knock down my aunt Deborah!—Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done

some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

*Charles S.* Well, take that couple for the same.

*Moses.* 'Tis good bargain.

*Charles S.* Careless!—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles S.* Four guineas!—Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir Oliver S.* By all means.

*Careless.* Gone!

*Charles S.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers, and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir Oliver S.* That is very extraordinary, indeed! I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Careless.* Well said, little Premium!—I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles S.* Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Manchester : take him at eight pounds.

*Sir Oliver S.* No, no ; six will do for the mayor.

*Charles S.* Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir Oliver S.* They're mine.

*Charles S.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. — But plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner ; do let us deal wholesale : what say you, little Premium ? Give us three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

*Careless.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, well, any thing to accommodate you ; — they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Careless.* What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee ?

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles S.* What, that ? — Oh ! that's my uncle Oliver ; 'twas done before he went to India.

*Careless.* Your uncle Oliver ! — Gad, then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw ; an unforgiving

eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

*Sir Oliver S.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive;—but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles S.* No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir Oliver S.* The rogue's my nephew after all! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles S.* I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it.—Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir Oliver S.* I forgive him every thing! [*Aside.*]—But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles S.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir Oliver S.* How like his father the dog is! [*Aside.*]—Well, well, I have done.—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such

a striking resemblance—[*Aside.*]—Here is a draught for your sum.

*Charles S.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir Oliver S.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles S.* Zounds! no!—I tell you once more.

*Sir Oliver S.* Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time—but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

*Charles S.* Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles S.* But, hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir Oliver S.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles S.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir Oliver S.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles S.* Peremptorily.

*Sir Oliver S.* A dear extravagant rogue! [*Aside.*]—Good-day!—Come, Moses.—Let me hear now who calls him profligate!

[*Exeunt* Sir OLIVER SURFACE and MOSES.]



*Careless.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever saw !

*Charles S.* Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow.—Hah ! here's Rowley ; do, *Careless*, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

*Careless.* I will—but don't let that old block-head persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense ; for tradesmen, *Charles*, are the most exorbitant fellows.

*Charles S.* Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them.

*Careless.* Nothing else.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit CARELESS.*]  
—Soh ! this was an odd old fellow, indeed.—  
Let me see—two-thirds of this is mine by right, five hundred and thirty odd pounds : 'Fore Heaven ! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for !—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.—

*Enter ROWLEY.*

Hah ! old Rowley ! egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

*Rowley.* Yes, I heard they were a going. But I

wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

*Charles S.* Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Rowley.* There's no making you serious a moment.

*Charles S.* Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Rowley.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Charles S.* Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Rowley.* Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Charles S.* 'Be just before you're generous.'—Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old lame hobbling beldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

*Rowley.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection ——

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, it's all very true; but, hark'ee, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and now for hazard.      [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

### *The Parlour.*

*Enter* Sir OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

*Moses.* Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

*Sir Oliver S.* True, but he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And loves wine and women so much.

*Sir Oliver S.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And games so deep.

*Sir Oliver S.* But he would not sell my picture.

—— O, here's Rowley.

*Enter* ROWLEY.

*Rowley.* So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase ——

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, yes, our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Rowley.* And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money—I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Moses.* Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

*Rowley.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too.—But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Rowley.* Not yet a while; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out; this way——Moses, a word.

[*Exeunt TRIP and MOSES.*]

*Sir Oliver S.* There's a fellow for you—would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

*Rowley.* Indeed!

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, they are planning an annuity business.—Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants

were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little thread-bare; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Library.*

JOSEPH SURFACE *and* a SERVANT.

*Joseph S.* No letter from Lady Teazle?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*Joseph S.* I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

[*Knocking heard without.*

*Serv.* Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

*Joseph S.* Hold!—See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

*Serv.* 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Joseph S.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window—that will do;—my opposite neighbour is

a maiden lady of so anxious a temper.—[SERVANT draws the screen, and exit.]—I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter Lady TEAZLE.*

*Lady T.* What, sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient?—O Lud! don't pretend to look grave.—I vow I couldn't come before.

*Joseph S.* O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, a very unfashionable quality in a lady.

*Lady T.* Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Joseph S.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. [*Aside.*]

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph S.* Indeed I do not [*Aside.*]—Oh, certainly I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady T.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you.

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But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? — And there's my friend Lady Sneerwell has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too — that's what vexes me.

*Joseph S.* Ay, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady T.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body — that is, of any friend; and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart — indeed 'tis monstrous!

*Joseph S.* But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to outwit him.

*Lady T.* Indeed! — so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

*Joseph S.* Undoubtedly — for your husband

should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady T.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable, and when the consciousness of my innocence —

*Joseph S.* Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? — why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? — why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? — why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady T.* 'Tis very true!

*Joseph S.* Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady T.* Do you think so?

*Joseph S.* Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once, for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady T.* So, so; then I perceive your prescrip-



tion is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to secure my reputation ?

*Joseph S.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady T.* Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny !

*Joseph S.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady T.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced —

*Joseph S.* O, certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced.— Yes, yes — heaven forbid I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady T.* Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the question ?

*Joseph S.* Ah ! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

*Lady T.* I doubt they do indeed ; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage sooner than your *honourable logic* after all.

*Joseph S.* Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of —

[*Taking her hand.*]

*Enter SERVANT.*

Sdeath, you blockhead — what do you want ?

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*Serv.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Joseph S.* Sir Peter! — Oons — the devil!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! O Lud — I'm ruined — I'm ruined!

*Serv.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady T.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic — Oh! he's on the stairs — I'll get behind here — and if ever I'm so imprudent again —     [*Goes behind the screen.*]

*Joseph S.* Give me that book.     [*Sits down.*]

*Servant pretends to adjust his hair.*

*Enter Sir PETER.*

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, ever improving himself — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface —

*Joseph S.* Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon — (*Gaping — throws away the book.*) — I have been dozing over a stupid book. — Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. — Books, you know, are the only things in which I am a coxcomb.

*Sir Peter T.* 'Tis very neat indeed. — Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge — hung, I perceive, with maps?

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*Joseph S.* O, yes, I find great use in that screen.

*Sir Peter T.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry.

*Joseph S.* Ay, or to hide any thing in a hurry either. *[Aside.*

*Sir Peter T.* Well, I have a little private business —

*Joseph S.* You need not stay *(to the SERVANT)*.

*Serv.* No, sir. *[Exit.*

*Joseph S.* Here's a chair, Sir Peter — I beg —

*Sir Peter T.* Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my dear friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me extremely unhappy.

*Joseph S.* Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, 'tis too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Joseph S.* Indeed! you astonish me!

*Sir Peter T.* Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Joseph S.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

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*Joseph S.* Yes—believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir Peter T.* I am convinced of it.—Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Joseph S.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

*Sir Peter T.* Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

*Joseph S.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir Peter T.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Joseph S.* Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir Peter T.* True—but your brother has no sentiment—you never hear him talk so.

*Joseph S.* Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay,—but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

*Joseph S.* That's very true.

*Sir Peter T.* And there's, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if

she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Joseph S.* That's true, to be sure—they would laugh.

*Sir Peter T.* Laugh—ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

*Joseph S.* No—you must never make it public.

*Sir Peter T.* But then again—that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Joseph S.* Ay, there's the point.—When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay—I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—my advice.

*Joseph S.* O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine—I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

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*Sir Peter T.* What a difference there is between you ! What noble sentiments !

*Joseph S.* Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir Peter T.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her ; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress in that respect for the future ; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on.—By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live ; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune at my death.

*Joseph S.* This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous.—I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

*Joseph S.* Nor I, if I could help it.     [*Aside.*

*Sir Peter T.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your affairs with Maria.

*Joseph S.* [*Softly.*]—O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir Peter T.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Joseph S.* I beg you will not mention it. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! [*Softly.*]—'Sdeath, I shall be ruined every way. [*Aside.*

*Sir Peter T.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion for Maria, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Joseph S.* Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never——

*Enter SERVANT.*

Well, sir?

*Serv.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Joseph S.* 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within—I'm out for the day.

*Sir Peter T.* Stay—hold—a thought has struck me ;—you shall be at home.

*Joseph S.* Well, well, let him up. [*Exit SERVANT.*]  
He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Peter T.* Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you.—Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere—then do you tax him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Joseph S.* O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick?—to trepan my brother too?

*Sir Peter T.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: here, behind this screen will be—Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener there already—I'll swear I saw a petticoat!

*Joseph S.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee, 'tis a little French milliner—a silly rogue that plagues me,—and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.



*Sir Peter T.* Ah! you rogue! But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Joseph S.* O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

*Sir Peter T.* No! then, faith, let her hear it out — Here's a closet will do as well.

*Joseph S.* Well, go in there.

*Sir Peter T.* Sly rogue! sly rogue!

[*Going into the closet.*]

*Joseph S.* A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

*Lady T. (Peeping.)* — Couldn't I steal off?

*Joseph S.* Keep close, my angel!

*Sir Peter T. (Peeping.)* — Joseph, tax him home.

*Joseph S.* Back, my dear friend!

*Lady T.* Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

*Joseph S.* Be still, my life!

*Sir Peter T. (Peeping.)* — You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

*Joseph S.* In, in, my good Sir Peter — 'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Charles S.* Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

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*Joseph S.* Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Charles S.* But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

*Joseph S.* He *was*, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

*Charles S.* What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

*Joseph S.* No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

*Charles S.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men—But how so, pray?

*Joseph S.* To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

*Charles S.* Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! so the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?—or, what is worse, Lady Teazle has found out she has an old husband?

*Joseph S.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh——

*Charles S.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

*Joseph S.* Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. [Aloud.

*Charles S.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me ; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement :— besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

*Joseph S.* But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you——

*Charles S.* Why, look'ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action ; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father——

*Joseph S.* Well——

*Charles S.* Why, I believe I should be obliged to borrow a little of your morality, that's all.— But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming *me* with Lady Teazle ; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Joseph S.* O, for shame, Charles ! This retort is foolish.

*Charles S.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances——

*Joseph S.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Charles S.* Egad, I'm serious.—Don't you remember one day when I called here——

*Joseph S.* Nay, prithee, Charles——

*Charles S.* And found you together——

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*Joseph S.* Zounds, sir! I insist —

*Charles S.* And another time when your servant —

*Joseph S.* Brother, brother, a word with you!  
Gad, I must stop him. [Aside.

*Charles S.* Informed, I say, that —

*Joseph S.* Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has overheard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Charles S.* How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

*Joseph S.* Softly; there! [Points to the closet.

*Charles S.* O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out.  
Sir Peter, come forth!

*Joseph S.* No, no —

*Charles S.* I say, Sir Peter, come into court —  
(pulls in Sir Peter.)—What! my old guardian!—  
What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence incog?

*Sir Peter T.* Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan!

*Charles S.* Indeed!

*Sir Peter T.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Charles S.* Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more — wasn't it, Joseph?

[Apart to JOSEPH.

*Sir Peter T.* Ah! you would have retorted on him.

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Charles S.* But you might as well have suspected *him* as *me* in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph? [*Apart to* JOSEPH.]

*Sir Peter T.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Joseph S.* Would they were both well out of the room! [*Aside.*]

*Enter* SERVANT, *and whispers* JOSEPH SURFACE.

*Sir Peter T.* And in future perhaps we may not be such strangers.

*Joseph S.* Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

*Charles S.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Joseph S.* They must not be left together. [*Aside.*] I'll send this man away, and return directly.—Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

[*Apart to* Sir PETER, *and goes out.*]

*Sir Peter T.* I! not for the world!—[*Apart to* JOSEPH.]—Ah! Charles, if you associated more

with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment.—Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment !

*Charles S.* Pshaw ! he is too moral by half—and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that I suppose he would as soon let a priest into his house as a girl.

*Sir Peter T.* No, no,—come, come,—you wrong him.—No, no ! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either in that respect.—I have a great mind to tell him—we should have a laugh at Joseph.

[*Aside.*

*Charles S.* Oh, hang him ! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

*Sir Peter T.* Hark'ee—you must not abuse him : he may chance to hear of it again, I promise you.

*Charles S.* Why, you won't tell him ?

*Sir Peter T.* No—but—this way. Egad, I'll tell him.—[*Aside.*] Hark'ee—have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph ?

*Charles S.* I should like it of all things.

*Sir Peter T.* Then, i'faith, we will—I'll be quit with him for discovering me—He had a girl with him when I called.

*Charles S.* What ! Joseph ? you jest.

*Sir Peter T.* Hush !—a little French milliner—

and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

*Charles S.* The devil she is!

*Sir Peter T.* Hush! I tell you!                     [*Points.*

*Charles S.* Behind the screen! 'Slife, let's unveil her!

*Sir Peter T.* No, no—he's coming—you sha'n't, indeed!

*Charles S.* O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner!

*Sir Peter T.* Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me—

*Charles S.* I'll stand by you—

*Sir Peter T.* Odds, here he is—(*JOSEPH SURFACE enters just as CHARLES SURFACE throws down the screen*).

*Charles S.* Lady Teazle, by all that's wonderful!

*Sir Peter T.* Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!

*Charles S.* Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret.—Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word!—Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb too?—Sir Peter,

though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute!—Well—though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another—so I'll leave you to yourselves—*[Going.]* Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man cause for so much uneasiness.—Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!     *[Exit CHARLES.]*

*( They stand for some time looking at each other.)*

*Joseph S.* Sir Peter—notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me—if you will afford me your patience—I make no doubt—but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction.

*Sir Peter T.* If you please, sir.

*Joseph S.* The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria—I say, sir,—Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper—and knowing my friendship to the family—She, sir, I say—called here—in order that—I might explain these pretensions—but on your coming—being apprehensive—as I said—of your jealousy—she withdrew—and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

*Sir Peter T.* A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for every article of it.



*Lady T.* For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

*Sir Peter T.* How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

*Lady T.* There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

*Sir Peter T.* I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

*Joseph S.* [*Aside.*]—'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

*Lady T.* Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

*Lady T.* Hear me, Sir Peter!—I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

*Sir Peter T.* Now, I believe, the truth is coming indeed!

*Joseph S.* The woman's mad!

*Lady T.* No, sir,—she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means.—Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me—but the tenderness you expressed for me,

when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated so to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward—I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[*Exit* Lady TEAZLE.

*Joseph S.* Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows—

*Sir Peter T.* That you are a villain ! and so I leave you to your conscience.

*Joseph S.* You are too rash, Sir Peter ; you shall hear me.—The man who shuts out conviction by refusing to——

[*Exeunt* Sir PETER and SURFACE talking.

ACT V.    SCENE I.

*The Library.*

*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* SERVANT.

*Joseph S.* Mr. Stanley!—and why should you think I would see him? you must know he comes to ask something.

*Serv.* Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

*Joseph S.* Pshaw! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

*Serv.* I will, sir.—Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady——

*Joseph S.* Go, fool! [*Exit* SERVANT.]—Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sen-

timent on Stanley.—So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* Sir OLIVER SURFACE *and* ROWLEY.

*Sir Oliver S.* What! does he avoid us!—That was he, was it not?

*Rowley.* It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

*Sir Oliver S.* O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

*Rowley.* As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

*Sir Oliver S.* Yet has a string of charitable sentiments at his fingers' ends.

*Rowley.* Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

*Sir Oliver S.* And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

*Rowley.* I doubt you'll find it so;—but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

*Sir Oliver S.* True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

*Rowley.* Without losing a moment.      [*Exit.*]

*Sir Oliver S.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Joseph S.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting——Mr. Stanley, I presume.—

*Sir Oliver S.* At your service.

*Joseph S.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down—I entreat you, sir!—

*Sir Oliver S.* Dear sir—there's no occasion——too civil by half!      [*Aside.*]

*Joseph S.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, I think, Mr. Stanley?

*Sir Oliver S.* I was, sir;—so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her

wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Joseph S.* Dear sir, there needs no apology :—he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir Oliver S.* If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Joseph S.* I wish he was, sir, with all my heart : you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir Oliver S.* I should not need one—my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Joseph S.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man ; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing ; though people, I know, have thought otherwise, and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir Oliver S.* What ! has he never transmitted you bullion—rupees—pagodas ?

*Joseph S.* O, dear sir, nothing of the kind :—No, no—a few presents now and then,—china, shawls,

congou tea, avadavats, and Indian crackers — little more, believe me.

*Sir Oliver S.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds! — Avadavats and Indian crackers!

[*Aside.*

*Joseph S.* Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few who would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

*Sir Oliver S.* Not I, for one! [*Aside.*

*Joseph S.* The sums I have lent him! — Indeed I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness: however, I don't pretend to defend it,—and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

*Sir Oliver S.* Dissembler! [*Aside.*] — Then, sir, you can't assist me?

*Joseph S.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir Oliver S.* I am extremely sorry——

*Joseph S.* Not more than I, believe me;—to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir Oliver S.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

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*Joseph S.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

*Sir Oliver S.* O, dear sir, no ceremony.

*Joseph S.* Your very obedient.

*Sir Oliver S.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Joseph S.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir Oliver S.* Sweet sir, you are too good !

*Joseph S.* In the mean time I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir Oliver S.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Joseph S.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir Oliver S.* Charles, you are my heir !

[*Aside. Exit.*

*Joseph S.* This is one bad effect of a good character ; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities ; whereas the sentimental French plate I use instead of it makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Rowley.* Mr. Surface, your servant : I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business



demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

*Joseph S.* Always happy to see Mr. Rowley. [*Reads the letter.*]—Sir Oliver Surface!—My uncle arrived!

*Rowley.* He is, indeed: we have just parted—quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

*Joseph S.* I am astonished!—William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

*Rowley.* Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

*Joseph S.* Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

*Rowley.* I thought you had particular business;—but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

*Joseph S.* So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming.—Never, to be sure, was any thing so damned unlucky. [*Aside.*]

*Rowley.* You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

*Joseph S.* Ah! I'm rejoiced to hear it—Just at this time! [*Aside.*]

*Rowley.* I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

*Joseph S.* Do, do; pray give my best duty and

affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him.—[*Exit ROWLEY.*]—Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Sir PETER TEAZLE'S.

*Enter Mrs. CANDOUR and MAID.*

*Maid.* Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. Can.* Did you tell her it was her friend Mrs. Candour?

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

*Mrs. Can.* Do go again,—I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit MAID.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.

*Enter Sir BENJAMIN BACKBITE.*

Oh, Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir Benj. B.* Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface —

*Mrs. Can.* And Sir Peter's discovery —

*Sir Benj. B.* O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. Can.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir Benj. B.* Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. Can.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles Lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir Benj. B.* No, no, I tell you — Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. Can.* No such thing! Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir Benj. B.* I tell you I had it from one —

*Mrs. Can.* And I had it from one —

*Sir Benj. B.* Who had it from one, who had it —

*Mrs. Can.* From one immediately — but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

*Enter Lady SNEERWELL.*

*Lady Sneer.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Lady Teazle.

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought —

*Lady Sneer.* Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. Can.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free: but then she was so young!

*Lady Sneer.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. Can.* So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

*Lady Sneer.* No; but every body says that Mr. Surface —

*Sir Benj. B.* Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

*Mrs. Can.* No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

*Lady Sneer.* With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

*Mrs. Can.* Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir Benj. B.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not —

*Mrs. Can.* Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady Sneer.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir Benj. B.* No! what, no mention of the duel?

*Mrs. Can.* Not a word.

*Sir Benj. B.* O, yes: they fought before they left the room.

*Lady Sneer.* Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

*Sir Benj. B.* "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir Benj. B.* No, no—to Mr. Surface—"a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

*Sir Benj. B.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

*Enter CRABTREE.*

*Crabt.* With pistols, nephew—pistols: I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. Can.* O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

*Crabt.* Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir Benj. B.* By a thrust in second quite through his left side —

*Crabt.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. Can.* Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

*Crabt.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. Can.* I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir Benj. B.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crabt.* But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

*Sir Benj. B.* That I told you, you know —

*Crabt.* Do, nephew, let me speak! and insisted on immediate —

*Sir Benj. B.* Just as I said —

*Crabt.* Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

*Sir Benj. B.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crabt.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one, and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's

shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir Benj. B.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that.

*Lady Sneer.* I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. (*Aside.*)— [*Exit Lady SNEERWELL.*

*Sir Benj. B.* Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

*Crabt.* Yes, yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. Can.* But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

*Crabt.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. Can.* I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crabt.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir Benj. B.* Hey! who comes here?

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*Crabt.* O, this is he : the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. Can.* O, certainly : it must be the physician ; and now we shall know.

*Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Crabt.* Well, doctor, what hopes ?

*Mrs. Can.* Ay, doctor, how's your patient ?

*Sir Benj. B.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small-sword ?

*Crabt.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

*Sir Oliver S.* Doctor ! a wound with a small-sword ! and a bullet in the thorax ! Oons ! are you mad, good people ?

*Sir Benj. B.* Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor ?

*Sir Oliver S.* Truly, I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

*Crabt.* Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident ?

*Sir Oliver S.* Not a word !

*Crabt.* Not of his being dangerously wounded ?

*Sir Oliver S.* The devil he is !

*Sir Benj. B.* Run through the body —

*Crabt.* Shot in the breast —

*Sir Benj. B.* By one Mr. Surface —

*Crabt.* Ay, the younger.



*Sir Oliver S.* Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

*Sir Benj. B.* O, yes, we agree there.

*Crabt.* Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir Oliver S.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes, walking as if nothing at all was the matter.

*Enter Sir PETER TEAZLE.*

Odds heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

*Sir Benj. B.* Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery!

*Sir Oliver S.* Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small-sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

*Sir Peter T.* A small-sword, and a bullet!

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law, or physic, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir Peter T.* Why, what is all this?

*Sir Benj. B.* We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

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*Sir Peter T.* So, so; all over the town already.

[*Aside.*

*Crabt.* Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years.

*Sir Peter T.* Sir, what business is that of yours?

*Mrs. Can.* Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir Peter T.* Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

*Sir Benj. B.* However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir Peter T.* Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crabt.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir Peter T.* I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony—I insist on your leaving my house directly.

*Mrs. Can.* Well, well, we are going, and depend on't, we'll make the best report of it we can. [*Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Leave my house!

*Crabt.* And tell how hardly you've been treated.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Leave my house!

*Sir Benj. B.* And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Fiends! vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke them!

*Sir Oliver S.* They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Rowley.* I heard high words: what has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir Peter T.* Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

*Rowley.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, Sir Peter, I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir Peter T.* A precious couple they are!

*Rowley.* Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man, after all.

*Rowley.* Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir Oliver S.* And acts up to the sentiments he professes.

*Rowley.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

*Sir Oliver S.* Oh, he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? you don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir Peter T.* Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Rowley.* What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

*Sir Peter T.* Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

*Rowley.* Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's, so humbled, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir Peter T.* And does Sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir Oliver S.* Every circumstance.

*Sir Peter T.* What, of the closet and the screen, hey?

*Sir Oliver S.* Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* 'Twas very pleasant.

*Sir Oliver S.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you: ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

*Rowley.* To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments: ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet: ha! ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* Ha! ha! 'twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

*Sir Oliver S.* Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha!

*Sir Peter T.* Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

*Sir Oliver S.* But come, come, it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir Peter T.* O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S——, Lady T——, and Sir P——, will be so entertaining!

*Rowley.* Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools: but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir Oliver S.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all

presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy.

*Sir Peter T.* Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries.

*Rowley.* We'll follow. [*Exit Sir OLIVER.*]

*Sir Peter T.* She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Rowley.* No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir Peter T.* Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Rowley.* Oh, this is ungenerous in you!

*Sir Peter T.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers evidently intended for Charles?

*Rowley.* A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir Peter T.* I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Rowley.* Certainly.

*Sir Peter T.* Though when it is known that we

are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Rowley.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir Peter T.* I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the country.

*Rowley.* Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion —

*Sir Peter T.* Hold, master Rowley! if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

#### *The Library.*

*Enter* JOSEPH SURFACE *and* Lady SNEERWELL.

*Lady Sneer.* Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of course no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

*Joseph S.* Can passion furnish a remedy?

*Lady Sneer.* No, nor cunning neither. O! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

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*Joseph S.* Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer ; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness.

*Lady Sneer.* Because the disappointment doesn't reach your heart ; your interest only attached you to Maria. Had you felt for her what I have for that ungrateful libertine, neither your temper nor hypocrisy could prevent your showing the sharpness of your vexation.

*Joseph S.* But why should your reproaches fall on me for this disappointment ?

*Lady Sneer.* Are you not the cause of it ? Had you not a sufficient field for your roguery in imposing upon Sir Peter, and supplanting your brother, but you must endeavour to seduce his wife ? I hate such an avarice of crimes ; 'tis an unfair monopoly, and never prospers.

*Joseph S.* Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated neither.

*Lady Sneer.* No !

*Joseph S.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

*Lady Sneer.* I do believe so.

*Joseph S.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at



this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

*Lady Sneer.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Joseph S.* Come, come; it is not too late yet. [*Knocking at the door.*] But hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady Sneer.* Well, but if *he* should find you out too?

*Joseph S.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake—and you may depend on it I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side!

*Lady S.* I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

[*Exit Lady SNEERWELL.*]

*Joseph S.* I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—hey!—what!—this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't that he should return to tease me just now—I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here—and—

*Enter Sir OLIVER SURFACE.*

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back

to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir Oliver S.* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Joseph S.* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg——Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

*Sir Oliver S.* No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Joseph S.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir Oliver S.* Nay, sir—

*Joseph S.* Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, not one moment—this is such insolence!

[*Going to push him out.*]

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Charles S.* Hey day! what's the matter now! What the devil, have you got hold of my little broker here? Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Joseph S.* So! he has been with you too, has he?

*Charles S.* To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little——But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

*Joseph S.* Borrowing! no! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every ——

*Charles S.* O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure.

*Joseph S.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists ——

*Charles S.* Stanley! why his name's Premium.

*Joseph S.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Charles S.* No, no, Premium.

*Joseph S.* Well, no matter which —— but ——

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.     [*Knocking.*]

*Joseph S.* 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley ——

*Charles S.* Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium ——

*Sir Oliver S.* Gentlemen ——

*Joseph S.* Sir, by heaven you shall go!

*Charles S.* Ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir Oliver S.* This violence ——

*Joseph S.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Charles S.* Out with him, to be sure.

[*Both forcing Sir OLIVER out.*]

*Enter Sir PETER and Lady TEAZLE, MARIA, and ROWLEY.*

*Sir Peter T.* My old friend, Sir Oliver —— hey!

What in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews—assault their uncle at a first visit !

*Lady T.* Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Rowley.* Truly, it was ; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir Oliver S.* Nor of Premium either : the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman ; and now, egad, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

*Joseph S.* Charles !

*Charles S.* Joseph !

*Joseph S.* 'Tis now complete !

*Charles S.* Very !

*Sir Oliver S.* Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty ; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him : judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of faith, charity, and gratitude.

*Sir Peter T.* Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be mean, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady T.* And if the gentleman pleads not guilty to these, pray let him call *me* to his character.

*Sir Peter T.* Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Charles S.* If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me, by and by?      [*Aside.*]

*Sir Oliver S.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there —

*Charles S.* Ay, now comes my turn: the damned family pictures will ruin me.      [*Aside.*]

*Joseph S.* Sir Oliver—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

*Charles S.* Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little.      [*Aside.*]

*Sir Peter T.* I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself entirely?      [*To JOSEPH.*]

*Joseph S.* I trust I could.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, sir!—and you could justify yourself, too, I suppose?

*Charles S.* Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

*Sir Oliver S.* What!—Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

*Charles S.* True, sir; but they were *family* secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Rowley.* Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir Oliver S.* Odd's heart, no more I can ; nor with gravity either.—Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors ; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Charles S.* To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may rise in judgment against me, there's no denying it ; but believe me sincere when I tell you—and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not—that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir Oliver S.* Charles, I believe you ; give me your hand again : the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Charles S.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady T.* Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

*Sir Oliver S.* Oh, I have heard of his attachment there ; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe right—that blush——

*Sir Peter T.* Well, child, speak your sentiments !

*Maria.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall

rejoice to hear that he is happy ; for me—whatever claim I had to his affection, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Charles S.* How, Maria !

*Sir Peter T.* Hey day ! what's the mystery now ? —While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else ; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

*Maria.* His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Charles S.* Lady Sneerwell !

*Joseph S.* Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.     [*Opens the door.*]

*Enter* Lady SNEERWELL.

*Sir Peter T.* So ! another French milliner ! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

*Lady Snee.* Ungrateful Charles ! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Charles S.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours ? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Joseph S.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence

of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

*Sir Peter T.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake.—Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Rowley.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

*Enter SNAKE.*

I thought his testimony might be wanted : however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady Sneer.* A villain ! Treacherous to me at last !—Speak, fellow ; have you too conspired against me ?

*Snake.* I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons : you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question ; but I unfortunately have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir Peter T.* Plot and counter-plot, egad !

*Lady Sneer.* The torments of shame and disappointment on you all.—

*Lady T.* Hold, Lady Sneerwell—before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself ; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and in-



form them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they gave her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady Sneer.* You too, madam—provoking—in-solent—May your husband live these fifty years!

[*Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Oons! what a fury!

*Lady T.* A malicious creature, indeed!

*Sir Peter T.* Hey! Not for her last wish?

*Lady T.* O no!

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

*Joseph S.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. [*Exit.*

*Sir Peter T.* Moral to the last drop!

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can.—Oil and Vinegar, egad! you'll do very well together.

*Rowley.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake at present?

*Snake.* Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

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*Sir Peter T.* Well, well, you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir Peter T.* Hey!—What the plague!—Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

*Snake.* Ah, sir! consider,—I live by the badness of my character; I have nothing but my infamy to depend on! and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

*Sir Oliver S.* Well, well,—we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

[*Exit SNAKE.*]

*Sir Peter T.* There's a precious rogue!

*Lady T.* See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir Oliver S.* Ay, ay, that's as it should be, and egad we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Charles S.* Thank you, dear uncle!

*Sir Peter T.* What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first?

*Charles S.* Oh, I have done that a long time—a minute ago—and she has looked yes.

*Maria.* For shame, Charles!—I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

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*Sir Oliver S.* Well, then, the fewer the better ;  
— may your love for each other never know abate-  
ment !

*Sir Peter T.* And may you live as happily together  
as Lady Teazle and I intend to do !

*Charles S.* Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you  
congratulate me ; and I suspect that I owe you  
much.

*Sir Oliver S.* You do indeed, Charles.

*Rowley.* If my efforts to serve you had not suc-  
ceeded, you would have been in my debt for the  
attempt ; but deserve to be happy, and you overpay  
me.

*Sir Peter T.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you  
would reform.

*Charles S.* Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll  
make no promises, and that I take to be a proof  
that I intend to set about it ; but here shall be my  
monitor—my gentle guide—ah ! can I leave the  
virtuous path those eyes illumine ?

Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave thy beauty's sway,  
Thou still must rule, because I will obey :  
An humble fugitive from Folly view,  
No sanctuary near but Love and you ;

[ *To the audience.*

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,  
For even Scandal dies if you approve.

## EPILOGUE,

BY MR. COLMAN.

*Spoken by Lady TEAZLE.*

I, who was late so volatile and gay,  
Like a trade wind must now blow all one way,  
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,  
To one dull rusty weathercock — my spouse !  
So wills our virtuous bard — the motley Bayes  
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays !  
Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,  
Learn from our play to regulate your lives :  
Each bring his dear to town, all faults upon her —  
London will prove the very source of honour.  
Plunged fairly in, like a cold bath it serves,  
When principles relax, to brace the nerves :  
Such is my case ; and yet I must deplore  
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er.  
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,  
Born with a genius for the highest life,  
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,  
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom ?

Save money — when I just knew how to waste it!  
Leave London — just as I began to taste it!

Must I then watch the early crowing cock,  
The melancholy ticking of a clock;  
In a lone rustic hall for ever pounded,  
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-  
rounded?

With humble curate can I now retire,  
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire),  
And at backgammon mortify my soul,  
That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?  
Seven's the main! Dear sound that must ex-  
pire,

Lost at hot cockles round a Christmas fire!  
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,  
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed head, the cushion'd tête,  
That takes the cushion from its proper seat!  
The spirit-stirring drum! card drums I mean,  
Spadille — odd trick — pam — basto — king and  
queen!

And you, ye knockers, that, with brazen throat,  
The welcome visitors' approach denote;  
Farewell all quality of high renown,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious town!  
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,  
And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er!  
All this I told our bard; he smiled, and said 'twas  
clear,  
I ought to play deep tragedy next year.

Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,  
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away :  
Blest were the fair like you ; her faults who stopt,  
And closed her follies when the curtain dropt !  
No more in vice or error to engage,  
Or play the fool at large on life's great stage.



**PIZARRO:**

**A TRAGEDY.**

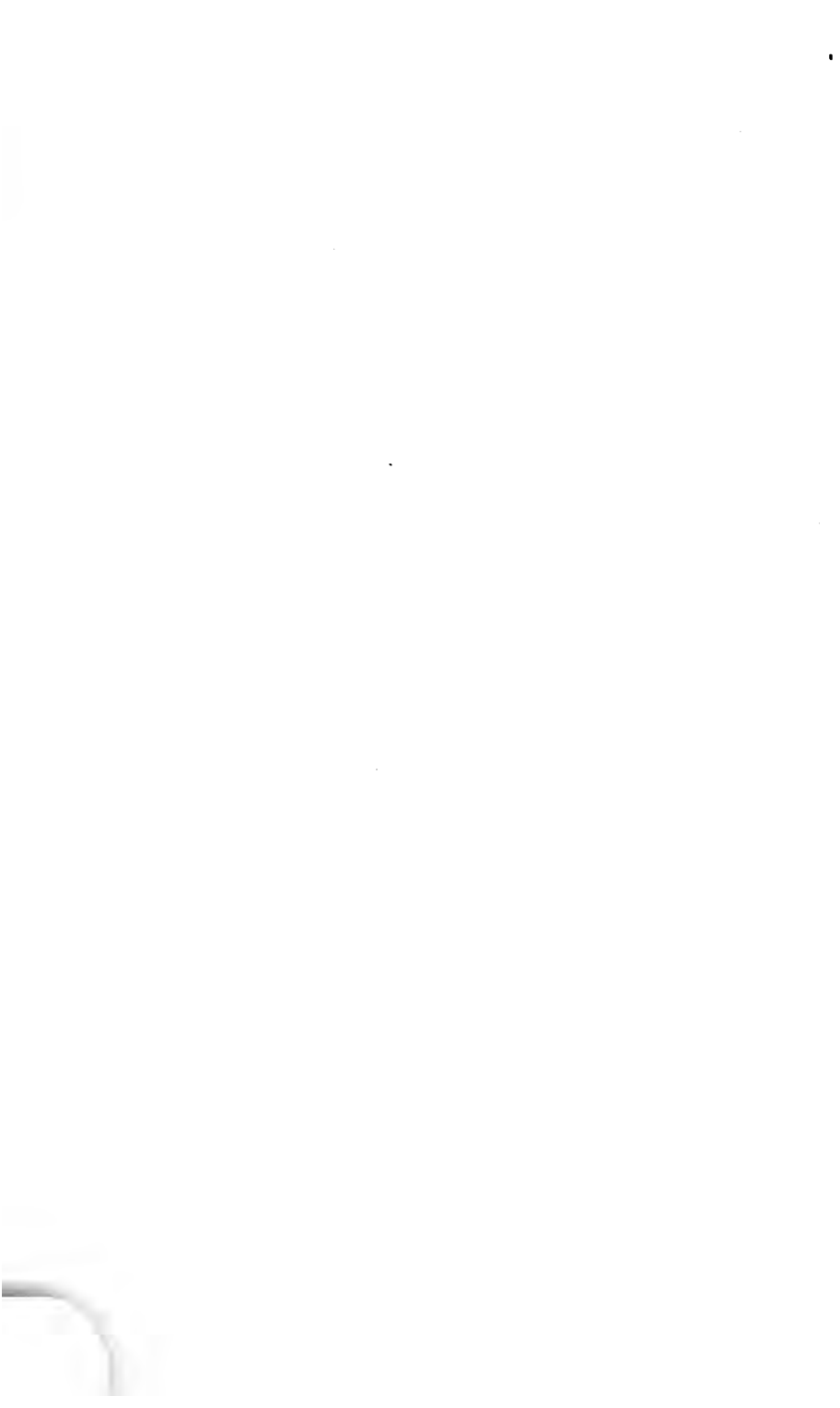




## ADVERTISEMENT.

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As the two translations which have been published of Kotzebue's 'SPANIARDS IN PERU' have, I understand, been very generally read, the public are in possession of all the materials necessary to form a judgment on the merits and defects of the Play performed at Drury-lane Theatre.



## DEDICATION.

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TO HER, whose approbation of this Drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, have been to *me* the highest gratification derived from its success— I dedicate this Play.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



## PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

*Spoken by Mr. KING.*

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May  
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day ;  
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,  
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;  
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,  
And Winter revels with protracted power :  
Then blame not, critics, if, thus late, we bring  
A Winter Drama—but reproach—the Spring.  
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,  
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust ?  
Horsed in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark  
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park ;  
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,  
Scour the New-road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-  
gate :—

Anxious—yet timorous too !—his steed to show,  
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row.

Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,  
Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by,  
While his off heel, insidiously aside,  
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.  
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains ;  
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains !  
Where white-robed misses amble two by two,  
Nodding to booted beaux — ‘ How’do, how’do ? ’  
With gen’rous questions that no answer wait,  
‘ How vastly full ! A’n’t you come vastly late ?  
‘ I’n’t it quite charming ? When do you leave town ?  
‘ A’n’t you quite tired ? Pray, can we set you down ? ’  
These suburb pleasures of a London May,  
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay ;  
Should our Play please — and you’re indulgent  
ever —  
Be your decree — ‘ ’Tis better late than never.’

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,  
MAY 24, 1799.

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<i>Ataliba</i> , King of Quito . . .	Mr. POWELL.
<i>Rolla</i> , { Commanders of his	Mr. KEMBLE.
<i>Alonzo</i> , { Army	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Cora</i> , Alonzo's Wife . . .	Mrs. JORDAN.
<i>Pizarro</i> , Leader of the Span-	
iards . . . . .	Mr. BARRYMORE.
<i>Elvira</i> , Pizarro's Mistress .	Mrs. SIDDONS.
<i>Almagro</i> . . . . .	Mr. CAULFIELD.
<i>Gonzalo</i> , { Pizarro's	Mr. WENTWORTH.
<i>Davilla</i> , { Associates	Mr. TRUEMAN.
<i>Gomez</i> , {	Mr. SURMONT.
<i>Valverde</i> , Pizarro's Secretary	Mr. R. PALMER.
<i>Las-Casas</i> , a Spanish Eccle-	
siastic . . . . .	Mr. AICKIN.
<i>An old blind Man</i> . . .	Mr. CORY.
<i>Orozembo</i> , an old Cacique .	Mr. DOWTON.
<i>A Boy</i> . . . . .	Master CHATTERLEY.
<i>A Centinel</i> . . . . .	Mr. HOLLAND.
<i>Attendant</i> . . . . .	Mr. MADDOCKS.
<i>Peruvian Officer</i> . . . .	Mr. ARCHER.
<i>Soldiers</i> , Messrs. FISHER, EVANS, CHIPPENDALE,	
WEBB, &c. &c.	
The Vocal Parts by Messrs. KELLY, SEDGWICK,	
DIGNUM, DANBY, &c.—Mrs. CROUCH, Miss DE	
CAMP, Miss STEPHENS, Miss LEAK, Miss DU-	
FOUR, &c.	





# PIZARRO.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A magnificent Pavilion near PIZARRO'S Tent—a View of the Spanish Camp in the back Ground.—*

*ELVIRA is discovered sleeping under a canopy on one side of the pavilion—VALVERDE enters, gazes on ELVIRA, kneels, and attempts to kiss her hand; ELVIRA, awakened, rises and looks at him with indignation.*

*Elv.* AUDACIOUS! Whence is thy privilege to interrupt the few moments of repose my harassed mind can snatch amid the tumults of this noisy camp? Shall I inform your master of this presumptuous treachery? Shall I disclose thee to Pizarro? hey!

*Val.* I am his servant, it is true—trusted by him—and I know him well; and therefore 'tis I

ask, by what magic could Pizarro gain your heart ;  
by what fatality still holds he your affection ?

*Elv.* Hold ! thou trusty secretary !

*Val.* Ignobly born ! in mind and manners rude,  
ferocious, and unpolished, though cool and crafty  
if occasion need — in youth audacious — ill his first  
manhood — a licensed pirate — treating men as  
brutes, the world as booty ; yet now the Spanish  
hero is he styled — the first of Spanish conquerors !  
and for a warrior so accomplished, 'tis fit Elvira  
should leave her noble family, her fame, her home,  
to share the dangers, humours, and the crimes of  
such a lover as Pizarro !

*Elv.* What ! Valverde moralizing ! But grant I  
am in error, what is my incentive ? Passion, in-  
fatuation, call it as you will ; but what attaches  
thee to this despised, unworthy leader ? — Base  
lucre is thy object, mean fraud thy means. Could  
you gain me, you only hope to win a higher in-  
terest in Pizarro — I know you.

*Val.* On my soul, you wrong me ; what else  
my faults, I have none towards you : but indulge  
the scorn and levity of your nature ; do it while yet  
the time permits ; the gloomy hour, I fear, too soon  
approaches.

*Elv.* Valverde, a prophet too !

*Val.* Hear me, Elvira — Shame from his late de-

feat, and burning wishes for revenge, again have brought Pizarro to Peru; but trust me, he over-rates his strength, nor measures well the foe. Encamped in a strange country, where terror cannot force, nor corruption buy a single friend, what have we to hope? The army murmuring at increasing hardships, while Pizarro decorates with gaudy spoil the gay pavilion of his luxury! each day diminishes our force.

*Elv.* But are you not the heirs of those that fall?

*Val.* Are gain and plunder then our only purpose? Is this Elvira's heroism?

*Elv.* No, so save me Heaven! I abhor the motive, means, and end of your pursuits; but I will trust none of you:—in your whole army there is not one of you that has a heart, or speaks ingenuously—aged Las-Casas, and he alone, excepted.

*Val.* He! an enthusiast in the opposite and worse extreme!

*Elv.* Oh! had I earlier known that virtuous man, how different might my lot have been!

*Val.* I will grant, Pizarro could not then so easily have duped you: forgive me, but at that event I still must wonder.

*Elv.* Hear me, Valverde.—When first my virgin fancy waked to love, Pizarro was my country's idol.

Self-taught, self-raised, and self-supported, he became a hero; and I was formed to be won by glory and renown. 'Tis known that when he left Panama in a slight vessel, his force was not a hundred men. Arrived in the island of Gallo, with his sword he drew a line upon the sands, and said, 'Pass those who fear to die or conquer with their leader.' Thirteen alone remained, and at the head of these the warrior stood his ground. Even at the moment when my ears first caught this tale, my heart exclaimed, 'Pizarro is its lord!' What since I have perceived, or thought, or felt, you must have more worth to win the knowledge of.

*Val.* I press no further; still assured that while Alonzo de Molina, our general's former friend and pupil, leads the enemy, Pizarro never more will be a conqueror. *[Trumpets without.]*

*Elv.* Silence! I hear him coming; look not perplexed.—How mystery and fraud confound the countenance! Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst.

*Piz.* *[Speaking without.]* Chain and secure him; I will examine him myself.

PIZARRO enters.

*[VALVERDE bows—ELVIRA laughs.]*

*Piz.* Why dost thou smile, Elvira?

*Elv.* To laugh or weep without a reason, is one of the few privileges poor women have.

*Pis.* Elvira, I will know the cause, I am resolved!

*Elv.* I am glad of that, because I love resolution, and am resolved not to tell you. Now my resolution, I take it, is the better of the two, because it depends upon myself, and yours does not.

*Pis.* Psha! trifter!

*Val.* Elvira was laughing at my apprehensions that ——

*Pis.* Apprehensions!

*Val.* Yes—that Alonzo's skill and genius should so have disciplined and informed the enemy, as to——

*Pis.* Alonzo! the traitor! How I once loved that man! His noble mother entrusted him, a boy, to my protection. At my table did he feast—in my tent did he repose. I had marked his early genius, and the valorous spirit that grew with it. Often I had talked to him of our first adventures—what storms we struggled with—what perils we surmounted! When landed with a slender host upon an unknown land—then, when I told how famine and fatigue, discord and toil, day by day, did thin our ranks; amid close-pressing enemies, how still undaunted I endured and dared—maintained my

purpose and my power in despite of growling mutiny or bold revolt, till with my faithful few remaining I became at last victorious!—When, I say, of these things I spoke, the youth, Alonzo, with tears of wonder and delight, would throw him on my neck, and swear his soul's ambition owned no other leader.

*Val.* What could subdue attachment so begun?

*Piz.* Las-Casas—He it was, with fascinating craft and canting precepts of humanity, raised in Alonzo's mind a new enthusiasm, which forced him, as the stripling termed it, to forego his country's claims for those of human nature.

*Val.* Yes, the traitor left you, joined the Peruvians, and became thy enemy and Spain's.

*Piz.* But first with weariless remonstrance he sued to win me from my purpose, and untwine the sword from my determined grasp. Much he spoke of right, of justice, and humanity, calling the Peruvians our innocent and unoffending brethren.

*Val.* They!—Obdurate heathens!—They our brethren!

*Piz.* But when he found that the soft folly of the pleading tears he dropt upon my bosom fell on marble, he flew and joined the foe: then, profiting by the lessons he had gained in wronged Pizarro's school, the youth so disciplined and led his new

allies, that soon he forced me—Ha! I burn with shame and fury while I own it! in base retreat and foul discomfiture to quit the shore.

*Val.* But the hour of revenge is come.

*Piz.* It is; I am returned—my force is strengthened, and the audacious boy shall soon know that Pizarro lives, and has—a grateful recollection of the thanks he owes him.

*Val.* 'Tis doubted whether still Alonzo lives.

*Piz.* 'Tis certain that he does; one of his armour-bearers is just made prisoner: twelve thousand is their force, as he reports, led by Alonzo and Peruvian Rolla. This day they make a solemn sacrifice on their ungodly altars. We must profit by their security, and attack them unprepared—the sacrificers shall become the victims.

*Elv.* Wretched innocents! And their own blood shall bedew their altars!

*Piz.* Right! [*Trumpets without.*] Elvira, retire!

*Elv.* Why should I retire?

*Piz.* Because men are to meet here, and on manly business.

*Elv.* O, men! men! ungrateful and perverse! O, woman! still affectionate though wronged! The beings to whose eyes you turn for animation, hope, and rapture, through the days of mirth and revelry; and on whose bosoms in the hour of sore calamity



you seek for rest and consolation ; *them*, when the pompous follies of your mean ambition are the question, you treat as playthings or as slaves !—— I shall not retire.

*Piz.* Remain then—and, if thou canst, be silent.

*Elv.* They only babble who practise not reflection. I shall think—and thought is silence.

*Piz.* Ha!—there's somewhat in her manner lately—

[PIZARRO looks sternly and suspiciously towards ELVIRA, who meets him with a commanding and unaltered eye.]

*Enter LAS-CASAS, ALMAGRO, GONZALO, DAVILLA, Officers and Soldiers.—Trumpets without.*

*Las-Cas.* Pizarro, we attend your summons.

*Piz.* Welcome, venerable father—my friends, most welcome. Friends and fellow-soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, which to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-enduring toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice : if with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity—trust to your leader's word—we shall not fail.

*Alm.* Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast—our stores exhausted, and our

soldiers murmuring—Battle! battle!—then death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

*Dav.* Death to the whole Peruvian race!

*Las-Cas.* Merciful Heaven!

*Alm.* Yes, general, the attack, and instantly! Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

*Las-Cas.* Alonzo!—scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

*Alm.* 'Tis fit Las-Casas should defend his pupil.

*Pis.* Speak not of the traitor—or hear his name but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. It appears we are agreed?

*Alm. and Dav.* We are.

*Gon.* All!—Battle! battle!

*Las-Cas.* Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete?—Battle!—gracious Heaven! Against whom?—Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people who never wronged the living being their Creator formed: a people, who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by

fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak—as gods you were received; as fiends have you acted.

*Piz.* Las-Casas!

*Las-Cas.* Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains—countrymen—do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs—fall not, drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies—Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you; I shall return with blessings and with peace from them.—Elvira, you weep!—Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

*Alm.* Because there are no women here but she and thou.

*Piz.* Close this idle war of words: time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

*Alm.* We are.

*Las-Cas.* Oh, men of blood!—*[Kneels.]* God! thou hast anointed me thy servant — not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness. —*[Rises.]* No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes! On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts will I commune: and when at length we meet again before the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall *you* feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now! *[Going.]*

*Elv.* Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

*Las-Cas.* Stay! lost, abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. *[Exit.]*

*Piz.* How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

*Elv.* I am bewildered, grown terrified!—Your

inhumanity—and that good Las-Casas—oh! he appeared to me just now something more than heavenly: and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

*Piz.* Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.

*Elv.* Humanity always becomes a conqueror.

*Alm.* Well! Heaven be praised, we are rid of the old moralist.

*Gon.* I hope he'll join his preaching pupil, Alonzo.

*Piz.* Now to prepare our muster and our march. At mid-day is the hour of the sacrifice. Consulting with our guides, the route of your divisions shall be given to each commander. If we surprise, we conquer; and if we conquer, the gates of Quito will be open to us.

*Alm.* And Pizarro then be monarch of Peru.

*Piz.* Not so fast—ambition for a time must take counsel from discretion. Ataliba still must hold the shadow of a sceptre in his hand.—Pizarro still appear dependent upon Spain: while the pledge of future peace, his daughter's hand, secures the proud succession to the crown I seek.

*Alm.* This is best. In Pizarro's plans observe the statesman's wisdom guides the warrior's valour.

*Val.* [*To ELVIRA.*] You mark, Elvira?

*Elv.* O, yes—this is best—this is excellent.

*Piz.* You seem offended. Elvira still retains my heart. Think—a sceptre waves me on.

*Elv.* Offended?—No!—Thou know'st thy glory is my idol; and this will be most glorious, most just and honourable.

*Piz.* What mean you?

*Elv.* Oh! nothing—mere woman's prattle—a jealous whim, perhaps: but let it not impede the royal hero's course.—[*Trumpets without.*] The call of arms invites you—Away! away! you, his brave, his worthy fellow-warriors.

*Piz.* And go you not with me?

*Elv.* Undoubtedly! I needs must be the first to hail the future monarch of Peru.

*Enter GOMEZ.*

*Alm.* How, Gomez! what bring'st thou?

*Gom.* On yonder hill among the palm-trees we have surprised an old cacique: escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe naught but bitterness and scorn.

*Piz.* Drag him before us.

[*GOMEZ leaves the tent, and returns, conducting OROZEMBO and Attendant, in chains, guarded.*]

What art thou, stranger?

*Oro.* First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Piz.* Ha !

*Alm.* Madman ! — Tear out his tongue, or else —

*Oro.* Thou'lt hear some truth.

*Dav.* [*Showing his poniard.*] Shall I not plunge this into his heart ?

*Oro.* [*To PIZARRO.*] Does your army boast many such heroes as this ?

*Piz.* Audacious ! — This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Oro.* I know that which thou hast just assured me of — that I shall die.

*Piz.* Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

*Oro.* My life is as a withered tree — it is not worth preserving.

*Piz.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong-hold among the rocks : guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish —

*Oro.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

*Piz.* Dost thou despise my offer ?

*Oro.* Thee and thy offer ! — Wealth ! — I have

the wealth of two dear gallant sons — I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here — and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

*Piz.* What is that? Inform me.

*Oro.* I will; for it never can be thine — the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

*Piz.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

*Gon.* Obdurate Pagan! — How numerous is your army?

*Oro.* Count the leaves of yonder forest.

*Alm.* Which is the weakest part of your camp?

*Oro.* It has no weak part — on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

*Piz.* Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

*Oro.* In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

*Piz.* Know'st thou Alonzo?

*Oro.* Know him! — Alonzo! — Know him! — Our nation's benefactor! — The guardian angel of Peru!

*Piz.* By what has he merited that title?

*Oro.* By not resembling thee.



*Alm.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

*Oro.* I will answer that; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

*Piz.* Romantic savage! — I shall meet this Rolla soon.

*Oro.* Thou hadst better not! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

*Dav.* Silence, or tremble!

*Oro.* Beardless robber! I never yet have trembled before God — why should I tremble before man? — Why before thee, thou less than man!

*Dav.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike!

*Oro.* Strike, Christian! Then boast among thy fellows — I too have murdered a Peruvian!

*Dav.* Hell and vengeance seize thee!

[*Stabs him.*]

*Piz.* Hold!

*Dav.* Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

*Piz.* And therefore should he die untortured?

*Oro.* True! Observe, young man—your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments—and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

*Elv.* [*Supporting OROZEMBO'S head upon her bosom.*] Oh! ye are monsters all. Look up, thou martyred innocent—look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. God! how I pity thee!

*Oro.* Pity me!—Me! so near my happiness! Bless thee, lady!—Spaniards—Heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do.

[*OROZEMBO is borne off dying.*]

*Piz.* Away!—Davilla! If thus rash a second time—

*Dav.* Forgive the hasty indignation which—

*Piz.* No more—unbind that trembling wretch—let him depart; 'tis well he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.—Hark!—our troops are moving.

*Attend.* [*On passing ELVIRA.*] If through your gentle means my master's poor remains might be preserved from insult—

*Elv.* I understand you.

*Attend.* His sons may yet thank your charity, if not avenge their father's fate. [*Exit.*

*Piz.* What says the slave?

*Elv.* A parting word to thank you for your mercy.

*Piz.* Our guard and guides approach. [*Soldiers march through the tents.*] Follow me, friends—each shall have his post assigned, and ere Peruvia's god shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito. [*Exeunt.*

*Manent ELVIRA and VALVERDE.*

*Val.* Is it now presumption that my hopes gain strength with the increasing horrors which I see appal Elvira's soul?

*Elv.* I am mad with terror and remorse! Would I could fly these dreadful scenes!

*Val.* Might not Valverde's true attachment be thy refuge?

*Elv.* What wouldst thou do to save or to avenge me?

*Val.* I dare do all thy injuries may demand—a word—and he lies bleeding at your feet.

*Elv.* Perhaps we will speak again of this. Now leave me. [*Exit VALVERDE.*

*Elv.* [*Alone.*] No! not this revenge—no! not

this instrument. Fie, Elvira! even for a moment to counsel with this unworthy traitor!—Can a wretch, false to a confiding master, be true to any pledge of love or honour?—Pizarro will abandon me—yes; me—who, for his sake, have sacrificed—Oh, God!—What have I not sacrificed for him! yet, curbing the avenging pride that swells this bosom, I still will further try him. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh, ye may insult and leave the hearts to which your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, howe'er you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unrepublishing conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self-consolation! What has he left her?—Despair and vengeance!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Bank surrounded by a wild Wood, and Rocks.—*  
*CORA, sitting on the root of a tree, is playing with*  
*her Child.—ALONZO hangs over them with delight*  
*and cheerfulness.*

*Cora.* Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not ?

*Alon.* Indeed he is liker thee — thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

*Cora.* But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.— O ! my lord's image, and my heart's adored ! [*Pressing the Child to her bosom.*]

*Alon.* The little daring urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least he shares caresses, which till his birth were only mine.

*Cora.* Oh no, Alonzo ! a mother's love for her sweet babe is not a stealth from the dear father's store ; it is a new delight that turns with quickened gratitude to Him, the author of her augmented bliss.

*Alon.* Could Cora think me serious ?

*Cora.* I am sure he will speak soon : then will be the last of the three holydays allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

*Alon.* What are those three ?

*Cora.* The ecstasy of his birth I pass; that in part is selfish : but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them; that is a day of joy : next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted, to his mother's knee; that is the mother's heart's next holyday : and sweeter still the third, whene'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of father ! mother ! — O ! that is the dearest joy of all !

*Alon.* Beloved Cora !

*Cora.* Oh ! my Alonzo ! daily, hourly, do I pour thanks to Heaven for the dear blessing I possess in him and thee.

*Alon.* To Heaven and Rolla !

*Cora.* Yes, to Heaven and Rolla : and art thou not grateful to them too, Alonzo ? art thou not happy ?

*Alon.* Can Cora ask that question ?

*Cora.* Why then of late so restless on thy couch ? Why to my waking, watching ear so often does the stillness of the night betray thy struggling sighs ?

*Alon.* Must not I fight against my country, against my brethren ?

*Cora.* Do they not seek our destruction ; and are not all men brethren ?

*Alon.* Should they prove victorious ?

*Cora.* I will fly, and meet thee in the mountains.

*Alon.* Fly, with thy infant, Cora ?

*Cora.* What ! think you a mother, when she runs from danger, can feel the weight of her child ?

*Alon.* Cora, my beloved, do you wish to set my heart at rest ?

*Cora.* Oh yes ! yes ! yes !

*Alon.* Hasten then to the concealment in the mountains ; where all our matrons and virgins, and our warriors' offspring, are allotted to await the issue of the war. Cora will not alone resist her husband's, her sisters', and her monarch's wish.

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot leave you : Oh ! how in every moment's absence would my fancy paint you, wounded, alone, abandoned ! No, no, I cannot leave you.

*Alon.* Rolla will be with me.

*Cora.* Yes, while the battle rages, and where it rages most, brave Rolla will be found. He may revenge, but cannot save thee. To follow danger, he will leave even thee. But I have sworn never

to forsake thee but with life. Dear, dear Alonzo !  
can you wish that I should break my vow ?

*Alon.* Then be it so. Oh ! excellence in all  
that's great and lovely, in courage, gentleness, and  
truth ; my pride, my content, my all ! Can there  
on this earth be fools who seek for happiness, and  
pass by love in the pursuit ?

*Cora.* Alonzo, I cannot thank you : silence is  
the gratitude of true affection : who seeks to follow  
it by sound will miss the track. [*Shout without.*]  
Does the king approach ?

*Alon.* No, 'tis the general placing the guard that  
will surround the temple during the sacrifice. 'Tis  
Rolla comes, the first and best of heroes. [*Trumpets  
sound.*]

ROLLA.

*Rol.* [*As entering.*] Then place them on the  
hill fronting the Spanish camp. [*Enters.*]

*Cora.* Rolla ! my friend, my brother !

*Alon.* Rolla ! my friend, my benefactor ! how  
can our lives repay the obligations which we owe  
you ?

*Rol.* Pass them in peace and bliss.—Let Rolla  
witness it, he is overpaid.

*Cora.* Look on this child—He is the life-blood  
of my heart ; but if ever he loves or reveres thee less  
than his own father, his mother's hate fall on him !



*Rol.* Oh, no more!—What sacrifice have I made to merit gratitude? The object of my love was Cora's happiness.—I see her happy.—Is not my object gained, and am I not rewarded? Now, Cora, listen to a friend's advice. You must away; you must seek the sacred caverns, the unprofaned recess, whither, after this day's sacrifice, our matrons, and e'en the Virgins of the Sun, retire.

*Cora.* Not secure with Alonzo and with thee, Rolla?

*Rol.* We have heard Pizarro's plan is to surprise us.—Thy presence, Cora, cannot aid, but may impede our efforts.

*Cora.* Impede!

*Rol.* Yes, yes. Thou know'st how tenderly we love thee; we, thy husband and thy friend. Art thou near us? our thoughts, our valour—vengeance will not be our own.—No advantage will be pursued that leads us from the spot where thou art placed; no succour will be given but for thy protection. The faithful lover dares not be all himself amid the war, until he knows that the beloved of his soul is absent from the peril of the fight.

*Alon.* Thanks to my friend! 'tis this I would have urged.

*Cora.* This timid excess of love, producing fear

instead of valour, flatters, but does not convince me: the wife is incredulous.

*Rol.* And is the mother unbelieving too?

*Cora.* No more — Do with me as you please. My friend, my husband! place me where you will.

*Alon.* My adored! we thank you both. [*March without.*] Hark! the king approaches to the sacrifice. You, Rolla, spoke of rumours of surprise.— A servant of mine, I hear, is missing; whether surprised or treacherous, I know not.

*Rol.* It matters not. We are every where prepared. Come, Cora, upon the altar 'mid the rocks thou'lt implore a blessing on our cause. The pious supplication of the trembling wife, and mother's heart, rises to the throne of mercy, the most resistless prayer of human homage. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Temple of the Sun: it represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry: in the centre is the altar.—A solemn march.—The Warriors and King enter on one side of the Temple.—ROLLA, ALONZO, and CORA, on the other.*

*Ata.* Welcome, Alonzo!—[*To ROLLA.*] Kinsman, thy hand.—[*To CORA.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

*Cora.* May the sun bless the father of his people!

*Ata.* In the welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king. Friends, what is the temper of our soldiers?

*Rol.* Such as becomes the cause which they support; their cry is, Victory or death! our king! our country! and our God!

*Ata.* Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners which thy valour knows so well to guard.

*Rol.* Yet never was the hour of peril near, when to inspire them words were so little needed. My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? —No!—You have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule:—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate:—we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we

adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. *[Loud shouts of the soldiery.]*

*Ata. [Embracing ROLLA.]* Now, holy friends, ever mindful of these sacred truths, begin the sacrifice.—*[A solemn procession commences from the recess of the temple above the altar. The Priests and Virgins of the Sun arrange themselves on either side. The High-priest approaches the altar, and the solemnity begins. The invocation of the High-priest is*

*followed by the chorusses of the Priests and Virgins. Fire from above lights upon the altar. The whole assembly rise, and join in the thanksgiving.]—Our offering is accepted.—Now to arms, my friends, prepare for battle.*

*Enter ORANO.*

*Ora.* The enemy!

*Ata.* How near?

*Ora.* From the hill's brow, e'en now as I o'erlooked their force, suddenly I perceived the whole in motion: with eager haste they march towards our deserted camp, as if apprised of this most solemn sacrifice.

*Rol.* They must be met before they reach it.

*Ata.* And you, my daughters, with your dear children, away to the appointed place of safety.

*Cora.* Oh, Alonzo! [*Embracing him.*]

*Alon.* We shall meet again.

*Cora.* Bless us once more, ere you leave us.

*Alon.* Heaven protect and bless thee, my beloved; and thee, my innocent!

*Ata.* Haste, haste!—each moment is precious!

*Cora.* Farewell, Alonzo! Remember thy life is mine.

*Rol.* Not one farewell to Rolla?

*Cora.* [*Giving him her hand.*] Farewell! The

God of war be with you: but, bring me back Alonzo. *[Exit, with the child.]*

*Ata.* *[Draws his sword.]* Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour.—Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts. If successful, let mercy be the first.—Alonzo, to you I give to defend the narrow passage of the mountains. On the right of the wood be Rolla's station. For me, straight forwards will I march to meet them, and fight until I see my people saved, or they behold their monarch fall. Be the word of battle—God! and our native land.

*[A march. Excunt.]*

### SCENE III.

*The Wood between the Temple and the Camp.*

*Enter ROLLA and ALONZO.*

*Rol.* Here, my friend, we separate—soon, I trust, to meet again in triumph.

*Alon.* Or perhaps we part to meet no more. Rolla, a moment's pause; we are yet before our army's strength; one earnest word at parting.

*Rol.* There is in language now no word but battle.

*Alon.* Yes, one more word—Cora!

*Rol.* Cora! Speak!

*Alon.* The next hour brings us—

*Rol.* Death or victory!

*Alon.* It may be victory to one—death to the other.

*Rol.* Or both may fall.

*Alon.* If so, my wife and child I bequeath to the protection of Heaven and my king. But should I only fall, Rolla, be thou my heir.

*Rol.* How?

*Alon.* Be Cora thy wife—be thou a father to my child.

*Rol.* Rouse thee, Alonzo! Banish these timid fancies.

*Alon.* Rolla! I have tried in vain, and cannot fly from the foreboding which oppresses me: thou know'st it will not shake me in the fight: but give me the promise I exact.

*Rol.* If it be Cora's will—Yes—I promise—  
[*Gives his hand.*]

*Alon.* Tell her it was my last wish! and bear to her and to my son my last blessing.

*Rol.* I will.—Now then to our posts, and let our swords speak for us. [*They draw their swords.*]

*Alon.* For the king and Cora!

*Rol.* For Cora and the king!

[*Exeunt different ways. Alarms without.*]

SCENE IV.

*A View of the Peruvian Camp, with a distant View of a Peruvian Village. Trees growing from a rocky Eminence on one Side. Alarms continue.*

*Enter an OLD BLIND MAN and a BOY.*

*O. Man.* Have none returned to the camp ?

*Boy.* One messenger alone. From the temple they all marched to meet the foe.

*O. Man.* Hark ! I hear the din of battle. O ! had I still retained my sight, I might now have grasped a sword, and died a soldier's death ! — Are we quite alone ?

*Boy.* Yes ! — I hope my father will be safe !

*O. Man.* He will do his duty. I am more anxious for thee, my child.

*Boy.* I can stay with you, dear grandfather.

*O. Man.* But should the enemy come, they will drag thee from me, my boy.

*Boy.* Impossible, grandfather ! for they will see at once that you are old and blind, and cannot do without me.

*O. Man.* Poor child ! you little know the hearts of these inhuman men.—[*Discharge of cannon heard.*]—Hark ! the noise is near—I hear the



dreadful roaring of the fiery engines of these cruel strangers.—[*Shouts at a distance.*]—At every shout, with involuntary haste I clench my hand, and fancy still it grasps a sword! Alas! I can only serve my country by my prayers. Heaven preserve the Inca and his gallant soldiers!

*Boy.* O father! there are soldiers running—

*O. Man.* Spaniards, boy?

*Boy.* No, Peruvians!

*O. Man.* How!—and flying from the field!—It cannot be.—

*Enter two Peruvian Soldiers.*

O speak to them, boy!—Whence come you?—How goes the battle?

*Sold.* We may not stop; we are sent for the reserve behind the hill. The day's against us.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

*O. Man.* Quick, then, quick!

*Boy.* I see the points of lances glittering in the light.

*O. Man.* Those are Peruvians. Do they bend this way?

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier.*

*Boy.* Soldier, speak to my blind father.

*Sold.* I'm sent to tell the helpless father to retreat

among the rocks : all will be lost, I fear. The king is wounded.

*O. Man.* Quick, boy ! Lead me to the hill, where thou may'st view the plain. [*Alarms.*

*Enter ATALIBA, wounded, with ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* My wound is bound ; believe me, the hurt is nothing : I may return to the fight.

*Ora.* Pardon your servant ; but the allotted priest who attends the sacred banner has pronounced that the Inca's blood once shed, no blessing can await the day until he leave the field.

*Ata.* Hard restraint !—O ! my poor brave soldiers !—Hard that I may no longer be a witness of their valour. But haste you ; return to your comrades : I will not keep one soldier from his post. Go, and avenge your fallen brethren.—[*Exeunt ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.*]—I will not repine ; my own fate is the last anxiety of my heart. It is for you, my people, that I feel and fear.

[*OLD MAN and BOY advance.*

*O. Man.* Did I not hear the voice of an unfortunate ?—Who is it complains thus ?

*Ata.* One almost by hope forsaken.

*O. Man.* Is the king alive ?

*Ata.* The king still lives.

*O. Man.* Then thou art not forsaken! Ataliba protects the meanest of his subjects.

*Ata.* And who shall protect Ataliba?

*O. Man.* The immortal Powers, that protect the just. The virtues of our monarch alike secure to him the affection of his people and the benign regard of Heaven.

*Ata.* How impious, had I murmured! How wondrous, thou supreme Disposer, are thy acts! Even in this moment, which I had thought the bitterest trial of mortal suffering, thou hast infused the sweetest sensation of my life—it is the assurance of my people's love.

*Boy.* [*Turning forward.*] O, father!—Stranger! see those hideous men that rush upon us yonder!

*Ata.* Ha! Spaniards!—And I—Ataliba—ill-fated fugitive, without a sword even to try the ransom of a monarch life.

*Enter DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers.*

*Dav.* 'Tis he—our hopes are answered—I know him well—it is the king!

*Alm.* Away! Follow with your prize. Avoid those Peruvians, though in flight. This way we may regain our line.

[*Exeunt DAVILLA, ALMAGRO, and Soldiers, with ATALIBA prisoner.*]

*O. Man.* The king!—Wretched old man, that could not see his gracious form!—Boy, would thou hadst led me to the reach of those ruffians' swords!

*Boy.* Father! all our countrymen are flying here for refuge.

*O. Man.* No—to the rescue of their king—they never will desert him.

[*Alarms without.*

*Enter Peruvian Officers and Soldiers, flying across the stage; ORANO following.*

*Ora.* Hold, I charge you! Rolla calls you.

*Officer.* We cannot combat with their dreadful engines.

*Enter ROLLA.*

*Rol.* Hold! recreants! cowards!—What, fear ye death, and fear not shame? By my soul's fury, I cleave to the earth the first of you that stirs, or plunge your dastard swords into your leader's heart, that he no more may witness your disgrace. Where is the king?

*Ora.* From this old man and boy I learn that the detachment of the enemy, which you observed so suddenly to quit the field, have succeeded in surprising him; they are yet in sight.

*Rol.* And bear the Inca off a prisoner?—Hear this, ye base, disloyal rout! Look there! The

dust you see hangs on the bloody Spaniards' track, dragging with ruffian taunts your king, your father — Ataliba in bondage! Now fly, and seek your own vile safety, if you can.

*O. Man.* Bless the voice of Rolla — and bless the stroke I once lamented, but which now spares these extinguished eyes the shame of seeing the pale trembling wretches who dare not follow Rolla though to save their king!

*Rol.* Shrink ye from the thunder of the foe — and fall ye not at this rebuke? Oh! had ye each but one drop of the loyal blood which gushes to waste through the brave heart of this sightless veteran! Eternal shame pursue you, if you desert me now! — But do — alone I go — alone — to die with glory by my monarch's side!

*Soldiers.* Rolla! we'll follow thee.

[*Trumpets sound; ROLLA rushes out, followed by ORANO, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

*O. Man.* O godlike Rolla! — And thou sun, send from thy clouds avenging lightning to his aid! — Haste, my boy; ascend some height, and tell to my impatient terror what thou seest.

*Boy.* I can climb this rock, and the tree above. — [*Ascends a rock, and from thence into the tree.*] — O — now I see them — now — yes — and the Spaniards turning by the steep.

*O. Man.* Rolla follows them?

*Boy.* He does—he does—he moves like an arrow!—now he waves his arm to our soldiers.—  
[*Report of cannon heard.*]—Now there is fire and smoke.

*O. Man.* Yes, fire is the weapon of those fiends.

*Boy.* The wind blows off the smoke: they are all mixed together.

*O. Man.* Seest thou the king?

*Boy.* Yes—Rolla is near him!—His sword sheds fire as he strikes!

*O. Man.* Bless thee, Rolla! Spare not the monsters.

*Boy.* Father! father! the Spaniards fly!—O—now I see the king embracing Rolla.

[*Waving his cap for joy. Shouts of victory, flourish of trumpets, &c.*]

*O. Man.* [*Falls on his knees.*]—Fountain of life! how can my exhausted breath bear to thee thanks for this one moment of my life!—My boy, come down, and let me kiss thee—my strength is gone!

[*The BOY having run to the OLD MAN.*]

*Boy.* Let me help you, father—You tremble so —

*O. Man.* 'Tis with transport, boy!

[*BOY leads the OLD MAN off.*]

*Shouts, Flourish, &c.*

*Enter ATALIBA, ROLLA, and Peruvian Officers and Soldiers.*

*Ata.* In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude.—[*Giving ROLLA his sun of diamonds.*]—The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift.

*Rol.* It was the hand of Heaven, not mine, that saved my king.

*Enter Peruvian Officer, and Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Now, soldier, from Alonzo?

*Off.* Alonzo's genius soon repaired the panic which early broke our ranks; but I fear we have to mourn Alonzo's loss: his eager spirit urged him too far in the pursuit!

*Ata.* How! Alonzo slain?

*1st Sold.* I saw him fall.

*2d Sold.* Trust me, I beheld him up again and fighting—he was then surrounded and disarmed.

*Ata.* O! victory, dearly purchased!

*Rol.* O, Cora! who shall tell thee this?

*Ata.* Rolla, our friend is lost—our native country saved! Our private sorrows must yield to the public claim for triumph.—Now go we to fulfil the first, the most sacred duty which belongs to victory—to dry the widowed and the orphaned tear of those whose brave protectors have perished in their country's cause.

[*Triumphant march, and exeunt.*]



## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A wild Retreat among stupendous Rocks.—CORA and her Child, with other Wives and Children of the Peruvian Warriors, are scattered about the scene in groups. They sing alternately, stanzas expressive of their situation, with a Chorus, in which all join.*

*1st Peruv. Wom.* Zuluga, seest thou nothing yet?

*Zul.* Yes, two Peruvian soldiers—one on the hill, the other entering the thicket in the vale.

*2d Peruv. Wom.* One more has passed.—He comes—but pale and terrified.

*Cora.* My heart will start from my bosom.

*Enter a Peruvian Soldier, panting for breath.*

*Wom.* Well! joy or death?

*Sold.* The battle is against us. The king is wounded, and a prisoner.

*Wom.* Despair and misery!

*Cora.* [*In a faint voice.*]—And Alonzo?

*Sold.* I have not seen him.

*1st Wom.* Oh! whither must we fly?

*2d Wom.* Deeper into the forest.

*Cora.* I shall not move.

*Another Peruvian Soldier.* [*Without.*]—Victory! victory!—[*He enters hastily.*]—Rejoice! rejoice! We are victorious!

*Wom.* [*Springing up.*]—Welcome! welcome, thou messenger of joy: but the king!

*Sold.* He leads the brave warriors, who approach.

[*The triumphant march of the army is heard at a distance. The Women and Children join in a strain expressive of anxiety and exultation. The Warriors enter singing the Song of Victory, in which all join. The King and ROLLA follow, and are met with rapturous and affectionate respect. CORA, during this scene, with her Child in her arms, runs through the ranks searching and inquiring for ALONZO.*]

*Ata.* Thanks, thanks, my children! I am well: believe it; the blood once stopped, my wound was nothing.—[*CORA at length approaches ROLLA, who appears to have been mournfully avoiding her.*]  
—Where is Alonzo?

[*ROLLA turns away in silence.*]

*Cora.* [*Falling at the King's feet.*]—Give me my husband ; give this child his father.

*Ata.* I grieve that Alonzo is not here.

*Cora.* Hoped you to find him ?

*Ata.* Most anxiously.

*Cora.* Ataliba ! is he not dead ?

*Ata.* No ! the gods will have heard our prayers.

*Cora.* Is he not dead, Ataliba ?

*Ata.* He lives—in my heart.

*Cora.* Oh, king ! torture me not thus ! speak out, is this child fatherless ?

*Ata.* Dearest Cora ! do not thus dash aside the little hope that still remains.

*Cora.* The little hope ! yet still there is hope ! Speak to me, Rolla : you are the friend of truth.

*Rol.* Alonzo has not been found.

*Cora.* Not found ! What mean you ? will not you, Rolla, tell me truth ? Oh ! let me not hear the thunder rolling at a distance ; let the bolt fall and crush my brain at once. Say not that he is not found : say at once that he is dead.

*Rol.* Then should I say false.

*Cora.* False ! Blessings on thee for that word ! But snatch me from this terrible suspense. Lift up thy little hands, my child ; perhaps thy ignorance may plead better than thy mother's agony.

*Rol.* Alonzo is taken prisoner.

*Cora.* Prisoner! and by the Spaniards?—Pizarro's prisoner?—Then is he dead.

*Ata.* Hope better;—the richest ransom which our realm can yield a herald shall this instant bear.

*Peruv. Wom.* Oh! for Alonzo's ransom—our gold, our gems!—all! all!—Here, dear Cora,—here! here!

[*The Peruvian Women eagerly tear off all their ornaments, and run and take them from their children, to offer them to CORA.*]

*Ata.* Yes, for Alonzo's ransom they would give all!—I thank thee, Father, who hast given me such hearts to rule over!

*Cora.* Now one boon more, beloved monarch. Let me go with the herald.

*Ata.* Remember, Cora, thou art not a wife only, but a mother too: hazard not your own honour, and the safety of your infant. Among these barbarians the sight of thy youth, thy loveliness, and innocence, would but rivet faster your Alonzo's chains, and rack his heart with added fears for thee. Wait, Cora, the return of the herald.

*Cora.* Teach me how to live till then.

*Ata.* Now we go to offer to the gods thanks for our victory, and prayers for our Alonzo's safety.

[*March and procession. Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Wood.**Enter CORA and Child.*

*Cora.* Mild innocence, what will become of thee?

*Enter ROLLA.*

*Rol.* Cora, I attend thy summons at the appointed spot.

*Cora.* Oh, my child, my boy! — hast thou still a father?

*Rol.* Cora, can thy child be fatherless, while Rolla lives?

*Cora.* Will he not soon want a mother too? — For canst thou think I will survive Alonzo's loss?

*Rol.* Yes! for his child's sake.—Yes, as thou didst love Alonzo, Cora, listen to Alonzo's friend.

*Cora.* You bid me listen to the world.—Who was not Alonzo's friend?

*Rol.* His parting words——

*Cora.* His parting words! — [*Wildly.*] — Oh, speak!

*Rol.* Consigned to me two precious trusts — his blessing to his son, and a last request to thee.

*Cora.* His last request! his last! — Oh, name it!

*Rol.* If I fall, said he—(and sad forebodings shook him while he spoke)—promise to take my Cora for thy wife; be thou a father to my child.—I pledged my word to him, and we parted.—Observe me, Cora, I repeat this only, as my faith to do so was given to Alonzo—for myself, I neither cherish claim nor hope.

*Cora.* Ha! does my reason fail me, or what is this horrid light that presses on my brain? Oh, Alonzo! It may be thou hast fallen a victim to thy own guileless heart—hadst thou been silent, hadst thou not made a fatal legacy of these wretched charms——

*Rol.* Cora! what hateful suspicion has possessed thy mind?

*Cora.* Yes, yes, 'tis clear—his spirit was ensnared; he was led to the fatal spot, where mortal valour could not front a host of murderers. He fell—in vain did he exclaim for help to Rolla. At a distance you looked on and smiled: you could have saved him—could—but did not.

*Rol.* Oh, glorious sun! can I have deserved this?—Cora, rather bid me strike this sword into my heart.

*Cora.* No!—live! live for love!—for that love thou seekest; whose blossoms are to shoot from the bleeding grave of thy betrayed and slaughtered

friend! — But thou hast borne to me the last words of my Alonzo! — now hear mine. — Sooner shall this boy draw poison from this tortured breast — sooner would I link me to the pallid corse of the meanest wretch that perished with Alonzo, than he call Rolla father — than I call Rolla husband!

*Rol.* Yet call me what I am — thy friend, thy protector!

*Cora.* [*Distractedly.*] — Away! I have no protector but my God! — With this child in my arms will I hasten to the field of slaughter: — there with these hands will I turn up to the light every mangled body — seeking, howe'er by death disfigured, the sweet smile of my Alonzo: with fearful cries I will shriek out his name till my veins snap! If the smallest spark of life remain, he will know the voice of his Cora, open for a moment his unshrouded eyes, and bless me with a last look. But if we find him not — Oh! then, my boy, we will to the Spanish camp — that look of thine will win me passage through a thousand swords — They too are men. Is there a heart that could drive back the wife that seeks her bleeding husband; or the innocent babe that cries for his imprisoned father? — No, no, my child, every where we shall be safe. — A wretched mother, bearing a poor orphan in her arms, has Nature's passport through the

world. Yes, yes, my son, we'll go and seek thy father. *[Exit with the Child.]*

*Rol.* *[After a pause of agitation.]*—Could I have merited one breath of thy reproaches, Cora, I should be the wretch I think I was not formed to be. Her safety must be my present purpose—then to convince her she has wronged me! *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III.

*Pizarro's Tent.*

PIZARRO, *traversing the scene in gloomy and furious agitation.*

Well, capricious idol, Fortune, be my ruin thy work and boast. To myself I will still be true. Yet ere I fall, grant me thy smile to prosper in one act of vengeance, and be that smile Alonzo's death.

*Enter ELVIRA.*

Who's there? who dares intrude? Why does my guard neglect their duty?

*Elv.* Your guard did what they could—but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I refused obedience.

*Piz.* And what is it you desire?



*Elv.* To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected—not thyself.

*Piz.* Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by accursed Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

*Elv.* No!—I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and sullen as the awful pause that precedes Nature's convulsion: yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth—nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

*Piz.* Woman! Elvira!—Why had not all my men hearts like thine?

*Elv.* Then would thy brows have this day worn the crown of Quito.

*Piz.* Oh! hope fails me while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

*Elv.* Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther: not now his courage, but his magnanimity—Alonzo is your prisoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Elv.* 'Tis certain; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

*Piz.* Bless thee, Elvira, for the news!—Alonzo in my power!—then I am the conqueror—the victory is mine!

*Elv.* Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valour, and whose genius, awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

*Piz.* Guard!—[*Enter Guard.*]—Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo!—Quick, bring the traitor here. [Exit Guard.]

*Elv.* What shall be his fate?

*Piz.* Death! death! in lingering torments! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

*Elv.* Shame on thee! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder?

*Piz.* Be it said—I care not. His fate is sealed.

*Elv.* Follow then thy will: but mark me; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee for ever.

*Piz.* Why this interest for a stranger? What is Alonzo's fate to thee?

*Elv.* His fate!—nothing!—thy glory, every thing!—Think'st thou I could love thee stript of fame, of honour, and a just renown?—Know me better.

*Piz.* Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate,

I am for ever fixed in vengeance.—[ALONZO is brought in, in chains, guarded. ELVIRA observes him with attention and admiration.]—Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo de Molina; 'tis long since we have met: thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amid the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease? Tell me thy secret.

*Alon.* Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils or cares of war, peace still is here. [*Putting his hand to his heart.*]

*Piz.* Sarcastic boy!

*Elv.* Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate?

*Piz.* And thou art wedded too, I hear; ay, and the father of a lovely boy—the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty, of all his mother's faith.

*Alon.* The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy—the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth—the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

*Piz.* Really! Now do I feel for this poor orphan; for fatherless to-morrow's sun shall see that child. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

*Elv.* Pizarro—no!

*Piz.* Hence—or dread my anger.

*Elv.* I will not hence; nor do I dread thy anger.

*Alon.* Generous loveliness ! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tiger with his prey beneath his fangs.

*Pis.* Audacious rebel ! Thou a renegado from thy monarch and thy God !

*Alon.* 'Tis false.

*Pis.* Art thou not, tell me, a deserter from thy country's legions — and, with vile heathens leagued, hast thou not warred against thy native land ?

*Alon.* No ! Deserter I am none ! I was not born among robbers ! pirates ! murderers ! — When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were justice, faith, and mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot — I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

*Pis.* The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

*Alon.* Where are my judges ?

*Pis.* Thou wouldst appeal to the war council ?

*Alon.* If the good Las-Casas have yet a seat there, yes ; if not, I appeal to Heaven !

*Piz.* And to impose upon the folly of Las-Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason ?

*Etv.* The folly of Las-Casas ! — Such, doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard-hearted wisdom ! O ! would I might have lived as I will die, a sharer in the follies of Las-Casas !

*Alon.* To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side ; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito ; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how now the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This, I would say, is my work ! — Next I should tell how hurtful customs and superstitions, strange and sullen, would often scatter and dismay the credulous minds of these deluded innocents ; and then would I point out to him where now, in clustered villages, they live like brethren, social and confiding, while through the burning day Content sits basking on the cheek of Toil, till laughing Pastime leads them to the hour of rest — this too is mine ! — And prouder yet — at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him who sanctions and ordains them all, I would

show him many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true and only God!—this too I could tell him is Alonzo's work!—Then would Las-Casas clasp me in his aged arms; from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head, and that one blessed drop would be to me at once this world's best proof, that I had acted rightly here, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward hereafter.

*Elv.* Happy, virtuous Alonzo! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death a man who thinks and acts as he does!

*Piz.* Daring, obstinate enthusiast! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here: he has fled like thee—like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope is nearer than perhaps you've thought; for, by my country's wrongs, and by mine own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

*Elv.* Hold! — Pizarro — hear me! — If not always justly, at least act always greatly. Name not thy country's wrongs; 'tis plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury 'gainst this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge; if this be so — and even now thy detected con-

science in that look avows it—profane not the name of justice or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

*Piz.* Officious advocate for treason—peace!—Bear him hence; he knows his sentence.

*Alon.* Thy revenge is eager, and I'm thankful for it—to me thy haste is mercy.—For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon savages, as they are called, thou'dst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

*Piz.* Yes; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

*Alon.* Inhuman man! that pang, at least, might have been spared me; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—Pizarro. [*Exit, guarded.*]

*Elv.* Now, by the indignant scorn that burns upon my cheek, my soul is shamed and sickened at the meanness of thy vengeance.

*Piz.* What has thy romantic folly aimed at? He is mine enemy, and in my power.

*Elv.* He is in your power, and therefore is no more an enemy. Pizarro, I demand not of thee virtue—I ask not from thee nobleness of mind—I

require only just dealing to the fame thou hast acquired : be not the assassin of thine own renown. How often have you sworn, that the sacrifice which thy wondrous valour's high report had won you from subdued Elvira, was the proudest triumph of your fame ! Thou knowest I bear a mind not cast in the common mould—not formed for tame sequestered love—content mid household cares to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness—no ! my heart was framed to look up with awe and homage to the object it adored ; my ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise ; my lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements ; my brain to turn giddy with delight, reading the applauding tributes of his monarch's and his country's gratitude ; my every faculty to throb with transport, while I heard the shouts of acclamation which announced the coming of my hero ; my whole soul to love him with devotion ! with enthusiasm !—to see no other object—to own no other tie—but to make him my world ! Thus to love is at least no common weakness.—Pizarro ! was not such my love for thee ?

*Piz.* It was, Elvira !

*Elv.* Then do not make me hateful to myself, by tearing off the mask at once—barring the hideous imposture that has undone me !—Do not an act



which, howe'er thy present power may gloss it to the world, will make thee hateful to all future ages—accursed and scorned by posterity.

*Piz.* And should posterity applaud my deeds, think'st thou my mouldering bones would rattle then with transport in my tomb?—This is renown for visionary boys to dream of—I understand it not. The fame I value shall uplift my living estimation—o'erbear with popular support the envy of my foes—advance my purposes, and aid my power.

*Elv.* Each word thou speakest—each moment that I hear thee—dispels the fatal mist through which I've judged thee. Thou man of mighty name, but little soul, I see thou wert not born to feel what genuine fame and glory are:—go! prefer the flattery of thy own fleeting day to the bright circle of a deathless name:—go! prefer to stare upon the grain of sand on which you trample, to musing on the starred canopy above thee. Fame, the sovereign deity of proud ambition, is not to be worshipped so: who seeks alone for living homage, stands a mean canvasser in her temple's porch, wooing promiscuously from the fickle breath of every wretch that passes, the brittle tribute of his praise. He dares not approach the sacred altar—no noble sacrifice of his is placed there, nor ever

shall his worshipped image, fixed above, claim for his memory a glorious immortality.

*Piz.* Elvira, leave me.

*Elv.* Pizarro, you no longer love me.

*Piz.* It is not so, Elvira. But what might I not suspect — this wondrous interest for a stranger! — Take back thy reproach.

*Elv.* No, Pizarro; as yet I am not lost to you; one string still remains, and binds me to your fate. Do not, I conjure you — do not, for thine own sake, tear it asunder — shed not Alonzo's blood!

*Piz.* My resolution's fixed.

*Elv.* Even though that moment lost you Elvira for ever?

*Piz.* Even so.

*Elv.* Pizarro, if not to honour, if not to humanity, yet listen to affection; bear some memory of the sacrifices I have made for thy sake. Have I not for thee quitted my parents, my friends, my fame, my native land? When escaping, did I not risk in rushing to thy arms to bury myself in the bosom of the deep? Have I not shared all thy perils, heavy storms at sea, and frightful 'scapes on shore? Even on this dreadful day, amid the rout of battle, who remained firm and constant at Pizarro's side? Who presented her bosom as his shield to the assailing foe?

*Piz.* 'Tis truly spoken all. In love thou art thy sex's miracle—in war the soldier's pattern—and therefore my whole heart and half my acquisitions are thy right.

*Elv.* Convince me I possess the first—I exchange all title to the latter, for—mercy to Alonzo.

*Piz.* No more!—had I intended to prolong his doom, each word thou utterest now would hasten on his fate.

*Elv.* Alonzo then at morn will die?

*Piz.* Think'st thou yon sun will set?—As surely at his rising shall Alonzo die.

*Elv.* Then be it done—the string is cracked—sundered for ever. But mark me—thou hast heretofore had cause, 'tis true, to doubt my resolution, howe'er offended; but mark me now—the lips which, cold and jeering, barbing revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a fallen enemy, shall never more receive the pledge of love: the arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose, shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his heart, never more shall press the hand of faith!—Pizarro, scorn not my words—beware you slight them not!—I feel how noble are the motives which now animate my thoughts—who could not feel as I do, I condemn—who, feeling so, yet would not act as I shall, I despise!

*Piz.* [*After a pause, looking at her with an affected*

*smile of contempt.*])—I have heard thee, Elvira, and know well the noble motives which inspire thee—fit advocate in virtue's cause!—Believe me, I pity thy tender feelings for the youth Alonzo!—He dies at sunrise!  
[*Exit.*

*Elv.* 'Tis well! 'tis just I should be humbled—I had forgot myself, and in the cause of innocence assumed the tone of virtue. 'Twas fit I should be rebuked—and by Pizarro. Fall, fall, ye few reluctant drops of weakness—the last these eyes shall ever shed. How a woman can love Pizarro, thou hast known too well—how she can hate, thou hast yet to learn. Yes, thou undaunted!—thou, whom yet no mortal hazard has appalled!—thou, who on Panama's brow didst make alliance with the raving elements, that tore the silence of that horrid night—when thou didst follow, as thy pioneer, the crashing thunder's drift, and stalking o'er the trembling earth, didst plant thy banner by the red volcano's mouth!—Thou, who when battling on the sea, and thy brave ship was blown to splinters, wast seen—as thou didst bestride a fragment of the smoking wreck—to wave thy glittering sword above thy head—as thou wouldst defy the world in that extremity!—Come, fearless man—now meet the last and fellest peril of thy life—meet! and survive—an injured woman's fury, if thou canst.

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Dungeon in the Rock, near the Spanish Camp.—  
ALONZO in Chains.—A Centinel walking near the  
Entrance.*

*Alon.* For the last time I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O sun! and soon the hour I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day I fall, which — No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days, which thou hast breathed: a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line — by deeds, not years — then wouldst thou murmur not — but bless the Providence, which in so short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed! — Though sinking in decrepit age, he prematurely

falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long, who have lived virtuously.

*Enter a Soldier, shows the CENTINEL a passport, who withdraws.*

*Alon.* What bear you there?

*Sold.* These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

*Alon.* By whom ordered?

*Sold.* By the lady Elvira: she will be here herself before the dawn.

*Alon.* Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend—I need them not.

*Sold.* I have served under you, Don Alonzo.—Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. [*Exit.*]

*Alon.* In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate, no doubt requires forgiveness.—[*Looking out.*]—Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more.—I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme! shall be for my wife and child!—Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace; grant health and purity of mind—all else is worthless.

[*Enters the cavern.*]

*Cent.* Who's there? answer quickly! who's there?

*Rol.* A friar, come to visit your prisoner.

*ROLLA enters, disguised as a monk.*

*Rol.* Inform me, friend—is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

*Cent.* He is.

*Rol.* I must speak with him.

*Cent.* You must not.

*Rol.* He is my friend.

*Cent.* Not if he were your brother.

*Rol.* What is to be his fate?

*Cent.* He dies at sunrise.

*Rol.* Ha!—then I am come in time.

*Cent.* Just—to witness his death.

*Rol.* Soldier, I must speak with him.

*Cent.* Back, back.—It is impossible!

*Rol.* I do entreat you but for one moment!

*Cent.* You entreat in vain—my orders are most strict.

*Rol.* Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

*Cent.* He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

*Rol.* Look on this wedge of massive gold—look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or

wish. Take them—they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

*Cent.* Away!—wouldst thou corrupt me?—  
Me!—an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

*Rol.* Soldier!—hast thou a wife?

*Cent.* I have.

*Rol.* Hast thou children?

*Cent.* Four—honest, lively boys.

*Rol.* Where didst thou leave them?

*Cent.* In my native village—even in the cot where myself was born.

*Rol.* Dost thou love thy children and thy wife?

*Cent.* Do I love them! God knows my heart,—  
I do.

*Rol.* Soldier!—imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land—What would be thy last request?

*Cent.* That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

*Rol.* Oh! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate—and should there be told——thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise,—yet thou shalt not for a moment see him—nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife,—what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

*Cent.* How!



*Rol.* Alonzo has a wife and child—I am come but to receive for her and for her babe the last blessing of my friend.

*Cent.* Go in.

[*Retires.*]

*Rol.* Oh! holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom thou hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm—yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently!—Yes—now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate! Alonzo!—Alonzo!—my friend!—Ha! in gentle sleep!—Alonzo!—rise!

*Alon.* How!—Is my hour elapsed?—Well, [*returning from the recess*] I am ready.

*Rol.* Alonzo, know me.

*Alon.* What voice is that?

*Rol.* 'Tis Rolla's.

*Alon.* Rolla!—my friend!—[*Embraces him.*] Heavens! how couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit——

*Rol.* There is not a moment to be lost in words:

this disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle—it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon—now take it thou, and fly.

*Alon.* And Rolla——

*Rol.* Will remain here in thy place.

*Alon.* And die for me!—No!—Rather eternal tortures rack me.

*Rol.* I shall not die, Alonzo.—It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's—and from my prison soon will thy arm deliver me;—or, should it be otherwise—I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert—nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter.—Thou art a husband, and a father—the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hangs upon thy life—Go!—go!—Alonzo!—go!—to save—not thyself—but Cora, and thy child!—

*Alon.* Urge me not thus, my friend—I had prepared to die in peace.

*Rol.* To die in peace!—devoting her you've sworn to live for,—to madness, misery, and death! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

*Alon.* Oh, God!

*Rol.* If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now heed me well.—I think thou hast not known that

Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment.— And by the heart of truth I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate to deny thy friend the transport of preserving Cora's life, in thee,—no power that sways the will of man shall stir me hence;—and thou'lt but have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side,—with the assured conviction that Cora and thy child are lost for ever.

*Alon.* Oh! Rolla! — you distract me!

*Rol.* A moment's further pause, and all is lost — The dawn approaches — Fear not for me — I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission; — I shall gain time, doubt not — while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, mayst at night return — release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph — Yes — hasten — dear Alonzo! — Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee! — Haste! — haste! — haste!

*Alon.* Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

*Rol.* Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend?

*Alon.* Oh! my preserver! [Embraces him.

*Rol.* I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek — Go! — I am rewarded — [Throws the Friar's garment over Alonzo.] — There! — conceal

thy face ; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains — Now — God be with thee !

*Alon.* At night we meet again.— Then,— so aid me Heaven ! I return to save — or — perish with thee ! *[Exit.]*

*Rol.* *[Alone.]* He has passed the outer porch — He is safe ! — He will soon embrace his wife and child ! — Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me ? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man — Forgive me, God of truth ! if I am wrong — Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again — Yes — There ! *[lifting his hands to heaven]* assuredly, we shall meet again : — there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship — on earth imperfect and embittered.— I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. *[Retires into the Recess.]*

*Enter ELVIRA.*

*Elv.* No — not Pizarro's brutal taunts — not the glowing admiration which I feel for this noble youth, shall raise an interest in my harassed bosom which honour would not sanction. If he reject the vengeance my heart has sworn against the tyrant, whose death alone can save this land — yet, shall the delight be mine to restore him to his Cora's arms, to his dear child, and to the unoffending peo-

ple, whom his virtues guide, and valour guards.—  
Alonzo, come forth !

*Enter ROLLA.*

Ha ! — Who art thou ? — Where is Alonzo ?

*Rol.* Alonzo's fled.

*Elv.* Fled !

*Rol.* Yes — and he must not be pursued — Pardon this roughness, [*seizing her hand*] — but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

*Elv.* What if I call the guard ?

*Rol.* Do so — Alonzo still gains time.

*Elv.* What if thus I free myself ?

[*Shows a dagger.*]

*Rol.* Strike it to my heart — Still, with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold thee fast.

*Elv.* Release me — I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard nor cause pursuit.

*Rol.* At once I trust thy word — A feeling boldness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

*Elv.* What is thy name ? Speak freely — By my order the guard is removed beyond the outer porch.

*Rol.* My name is Rolla.

*Elv.* The Peruvian leader ?

*Rol.* I was so yesterday — To-day, the Spaniard's captive.

*Elv.* And friendship for Alonzo moved thee to this act?

*Rol.* Alonzo is my friend — I am prepared to die for him. Yet is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

*Elv.* One only passion else could urge such generous rashness.

*Rol.* And that is —

*Elv.* Love?

*Rol.* True!

*Elv.* Gallant, ingenuous Rolla! — Know that my purpose here was thine; and were I to save thy friend —

*Rol.* How! — a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

*Elv.* Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

*Rol.* Not so — you are worse and better than we are!

*Elv.* Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance — restore thee to thy native land — and thy native land to peace — wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

*Rol.* To judge the action, I must know the means.

*Elv.* Take this dagger.

*Rol.* How to be used?

*Elv.* I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps—The scourge of innocence—the terror of thy race—the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

*Rol.* Have you not been injured by Pizarro?

*Elv.* Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

*Rol.* And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep!

*Elv.* Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains? He that sleeps, and he that's bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla—so may I prosper in this perilous act, as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motive of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

*Rol.* The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

*Elv.* Then, Peruvian! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

*Rol.* Then is thy destruction certain, and for Peru thou perishest!—Give me the dagger!

*Elv.* Now follow me;—but first—and dreadful is the hard necessity—you must strike down the guard.

*Rol.* The soldier who was on duty here ?

*Elv.* Yes, him—else, seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

*Rol.* And I must stab that soldier as I pass ?—  
Take back thy dagger.

*Elv.* Rolla !

*Rol.* That soldier, mark me, is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers—refused my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings bribed him.—For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man !

*Elv.* Then he must with us—I will answer for his safety.

*Rol.* Be that plainly understood between us :—  
for, whate'er betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heartstrings from consuming fire.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Inside of PIZARRO'S Tent.—PIZARRO on a Couch, in disturbed sleep.*

*Piz.* [*In his sleep.*] No mercy, traitor.—Now at his heart!—Stand off there, you—Let me see him bleed!—Ha! ha! ha!—Let me hear that groan again.



*Enter ROLLA and ELVIRA.*

*Elv.* There!—Now, lose not a moment.

*Rol.* You must leave me now.—This scene of blood fits not a woman's presence.

*Elv.* But a moment's pause may —

*Rol.* Go!—Retire to your own tent—and return not here — I will come to you— Be thou not known in this business, I implore you!

*Elv.* I will withdraw the guard that waits.

*[Exit ELVIRA.]*

*Rol.* Now have I in my power the accursed destroyer of my country's peace: yet tranquilly he rests—God!—can this man sleep?

*Piz.* *[In his sleep.]* Away! away!—Hideous fiends!—Tear not my bosom thus!

*Rol.* No:—I was in error—the balm of sweet repose he never more can know.—Look here, ambition's fools!—Ye, by whose inhuman pride the bleeding sacrifice of nations is held as nothing— behold the rest of the guilty!—He is at my mercy—and one blow!—No!—my heart and hand refuse the act: Rolla cannot be an assassin!—Yet Elvira must be saved! *[Approaches the couch.]* Pizarro! awake!

*Piz.* *[Starts up.]* Who?—Guard!

*Rol.* Speak not—another word is thy death—Call not for aid!—this arm will be swifter than thy guard.

*Piz.* Who art thou? and what is thy will?

*Rol.* I am thine enemy! Peruvian Rolla! — Thy death is not my will, or I could have slain thee sleeping.

*Piz.* Speak, what else?

*Rol.* Now thou art at my mercy — answer me! Did a Peruvian ever yet wrong or injure thee, or any of thy nation? Didst thou, or any of thy nation, ever yet show mercy to a Peruvian in your power? Now shalt thou feel — and if thou hast a heart, thou'lt feel it keenly! — a Peruvian's vengeance! [*Drops the dagger at his feet.*] There!

*Piz.* Is it possible! [*Walks aside confounded.*]

*Rol.* Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept — Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice.

*Piz.* Rolla, thou hast indeed surprised — subdued me. [*Walks again aside as in irresolute thought.*]

*Re-enter ELVIRA [not seeing PIZARRO.]*

*Elv.* Is it done? Is he dead? [*Sees PIZARRO.*] How! — still living! Then I am lost! And for you, wretched Peruvians! mercy is no more! — Oh! Rolla! treacherous, or cowardly?

*Piz.* How can it be, that —

*Rol.* Away! Elvira speaks she knows not what!

Leave me — [*to ELVIRA*] — I conjure you, with Pizarro.

*Elv.* How! — Rolla, dost thou think I shall retract — or that I meanly will deny, that in thy hand I placed a poniard to be plunged into that tyrant's heart? No: — my sole regret is, that I trusted to thy weakness, and did not strike the blow myself. — Too soon thou'lt learn that mercy to that man is direct cruelty to all thy race!

*Piz.* Guard! quick! a guard, to seize this frantic woman.

*Elv.* Yes, a guard! I call them too! And soon I know they'll lead me to my death. But think not, Pizarro, the fury of thy flashing eyes shall awe me for a moment! — Nor think that woman's anger, or the feelings of an injured heart, prompted me to this design — No! Had I been only influenced so — thus failing, shame and remorse would weigh me down. But though defeated and destroyed, as now I am, such is the greatness of the cause that urged me, I shall perish, glorying in the attempt, and my last breath of life shall speak the proud avowal of my purpose — to have rescued millions of innocents from the bloodthirsty tyranny of one — by ridding the insulted world of thee.

*Rol.* Had the act been as noble as the motive — Rolla would not have shrunk from its performance.

*Enter Guards.*

*Piz.* Seize this discovered fiend, who sought to kill your leader.

*Edu.* Touch me not, at the peril of your souls; — I am your prisoner, and will follow you. — But thou, their triumphant leader, shalt hear me. Yet, first — for thee, Rolla, accept my forgiveness: even had I been the victim of thy nobleness of heart, I should have admired thee for it — But 'twas myself provoked my doom — Thou wouldst have shielded me. — Let not thy contempt follow me to the grave. Didst thou but know the spell-like arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart! how, even in the pious sanctuary wherein I dwelt, by corruption and by fraud, he practised upon those in whom I most confided — till my dis-tempered fancy led me, step by step, into the abyss of guilt —

*Piz.* Why am I not obeyed? — Tear her hence!

*Edu.* 'Tis past — but didst thou know my story, Rolla, thou wouldst pity me.

*Rol.* From my soul I do pity thee!

*Piz.* Villains! drag her to the dungeon! — prepare the torture instantly.

*Edu.* Soldiers — but a moment more — 'Tis to applaud your general — It is to tell the astonished world, that, for once, Pizarro's sentence is an act of

justice: yes, rack me with the sharpest tortures that ever agonized the human frame, it will be justice. Yes, bid the minions of thy fury wrench forth the sinews of those arms that have caressed, and even have defended thee! Bid them pour burning metal into the bleeding cases of these eyes, that so oft — oh, God! — have hung with love and homage on thy looks — then approach me bound on the abhorred wheel — there glut thy savage eyes with the convulsive spasms of that dishonoured bosom, which was once thy pillow! — Yet will I bear it all; for it will be justice, all! And when thou shalt bid them tear me to my death, hoping that thy unshrinking ears may at last be feasted with the music of my cries, I will not utter one shriek or groan — but to the last gasp my body's patience shall deride thy vengeance, as my soul defies thy power.

*Piz.* [*Endeavouring to conceal his agitation.*] Hearest thou the wretch whose hands were even now prepared for murder?

*Rol.* Yes! And if her accusation's false, thou wilt not shrink from hearing her: if true, thy barbarity cannot make her suffer the pangs thy conscience will inflict on thee.

*Elv.* And now, farewell, world! — Rolla, farewell! — Farewell, thou condemned of Heaven! [*to*

PIZARRO] — for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart. — We shall meet again. — Ha! be it thy horror here to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches — hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul. Then will vibrate on thy ear the curses of the cloistered saint from whom you stole me. Then the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murdered brother — murdered by thee, fell monster! — seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour. — I hear them now! To me the recollection's madness! — At such an hour — what will it be to thee?

*Piz.* A moment's more delay, and at the peril of your lives —

*Elv.* I have spoken — and the last mortal frailty of my heart is past. — And now, with an undaunted spirit and unshaken firmness, I go to meet my destiny. That I could not live nobly, has been Pizarro's act: that I will die nobly, shall be my own.

[*Exit, guarded.*

*Piz.* Rolla, I would not thou, a warrior, valiant and renowned, shouldst credit the vile tales of this frantic woman. The cause of all this fury — O! a

wanton passion for the rebel youth Alonzo, now my prisoner.

*Rol.* Alonzo is not now thy prisoner.

*Piz.* How!

*Rol.* I came to rescue him—to deceive his guard — I have succeeded; — I remain thy prisoner.

*Piz.* Alonzo fled! — Is then the vengeance dearest to my heart never to be gratified?

*Rol.* Dismiss such passions from thy heart, then thou'lt consult its peace.

*Piz.* I can face all enemies that dare confront me — I cannot war against my nature.

*Rol.* Then, Pizarro, ask not to be deemed a hero — To triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or chance may place it on thy brow — but in a contest with yourself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor.

*Piz.* Peruvian! thou shalt not find me to thee ungrateful or ungenerous — Return to your countrymen — You are at liberty.

*Rol.* Thou dost act in this as honour and as duty bid thee.

*Piz.* I cannot but admire thee, Rolla: I would we might be friends.

*Rol.* Farewell. — Pity Elvira! — Become the friend of virtue — and thou wilt be mine. [*Exit.*

*Piz.* Ambition! tell me what is the phantom I have followed? where is the one delight which it has made my own? My fame is the mark of envy — my love the dupe of treachery — my glory eclipsed by the boy I taught — my revenge defeated and rebuked by the rude honour of a savage foe — before whose native dignity of soul I have sunk confounded and subdued! I would I could retrace my steps — I cannot — Would I could evade my own reflections! — No! — thought and memory are my hell.

[*Exit.*



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A thick Forest — In the back Ground, a Hut almost covered by Boughs of Trees — A dreadful Storm, with Thunder and Lightning — CORA has covered her Child on a Bed of Leaves and Moss — Her whole appearance is wild and distracted.*

*Cora.* O Nature! thou hast not the strength of love. My anxious spirit is untired in its march; my wearied, shivering frame sinks under it. And for thee, my boy — when faint beneath thy lovely burden, could I refuse to give thy slumbers that poor bed of rest! O my child! were I assured thy father breathes no more, how quickly would I lay me down by thy dear side! — but down — down for ever. [*Thunder and lightning.*] I ask thee not, unpitying storm! to abate thy rage, in mercy to poor Cora's misery; nor while thy thunders spare his slumbers will I disturb my sleeping cherub. Though Heaven knows I wish to hear the voice of life, and feel that life is near me. But I will endure all while what I have of reason holds.

SONG.

Yes, yes, be merciless, thou Tempest dire;  
 Unaw'd, unshelter'd, I thy fury brave:  
 I'll bare my bosom to thy forked fire,  
 Let it but guide me to Alonzo's grave!

O'er his pale corse then while thy lightnings glare,  
 I'll press his clay-cold lips, and perish there.

But thou wilt wake again, my boy,  
 Again thou'lt rise to life and joy—  
 Thy father never!—  
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,  
 Unconscious that eternal night  
 Veils his for ever.

On yon green bed of moss there lies my child,  
 Oh! safer lies from these chill'd arms apart;  
 He sleeps, sweet lamb! nor heeds the tempest wild,  
 Oh! sweeter sleeps, than near this breaking heart.

Alas! my babe, if thou wouldst peaceful rest,  
 Thy cradle must not be thy mother's breast.

Yet, thou wilt wake again, my boy,  
 Again thou'lt rise to life and joy—  
 Thy father never!—  
 Thy laughing eyes will meet the light,  
 Unconscious that eternal night  
 Veils his for ever.

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Still, still implacable! unfeeling elements! yet

still dost thou sleep, my smiling innocent ! O, death !  
when wilt thou grant to this babe's mother such repose ?  
Sure I may shield thee better from the storm ; my veil may ——

[While she is wrapping her mantle and her veil  
over him, ALONZO'S voice is heard at a great  
distance.

Alon. Cora !

Cora. Ha ! [Rises.]

Alon. [Again.] Cora !

Cora. O, my heart ! Sweet Heaven, deceive me  
not ! — Is it not Alonzo's voice ?

Alon. [Nearer.] Cora !

Cora. It is — it is Alonzo !

Alon. [Nearer still.] Cora ! my beloved ! ——

Cora. Alonzo ! — Here ! — here ! — Alonzo !

[Runs out.

*Enter two Spanish Soldiers.*

1st Sold. I tell you we are near our out-posts,  
and the word we heard just now was the counter-  
sign.

2d Sold. Well, in our escape from the enemy, to  
have discovered their secret passage through the  
rocks, will prove a lucky chance to us — Pizarro will  
reward us.

1st Sold. This way — The sun, though clouded,

is on our left. [*Perceives the Child.*] What have we here?—A child!—as I'm a soldier.

*2d Sold.* 'Tis a sweet little babe. Now would it be a great charity to take this infant from its pagan mother's power.

*1st Sold.* It would so—I have one at home shall play with it.—Come along.

[*Takes the Child. Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter CORA with ALONZO.*

*Cora.* [*Speaking without.*] This way, dear Alonzo. Now am I right—there—there—under that tree. Was it possible the instinct of a mother's heart could mistake the spot? Now will you look at him as he sleeps, or shall I bring him waking with his full blue laughing eyes to welcome you at once?—Yes—yes—Stand thou there—I'll snatch him from his rosy slumber, blushing like the perfumed morn.

[*She runs up to the spot, and finding only the mantle and veil, which she tears from the ground, and the Child gone, shrieks, and stands in speechless agony.*]

*Alon.* [*Running to her.*] Cora!—my heart's beloved!

*Cora.* He is gone!

*Alon.* Eternal God!

*Cora.* He is gone! — my child! my child!

*Alon.* Where did you leave him?

*Cora.* [*Dashing herself on the spot.*] Here!

*Alon.* Be calm, beloved Cora — he has waked and crept to a little distance — we shall find him — Are you assured this was the spot you left him in?

*Cora.* Did not these hands make that bed and shelter for him? — and is not this the veil that covered him?

*Alon.* Here is a hut yet unobserved.

*Cora.* Ha! yes, yes! there lives the savage that has robbed me of my child — [*Beats at the door, exclaiming*] Give me back my child — restore to me my boy!

*Enter LAS-CASAS from the Hut.*

*Las-Cas.* Who calls me from my wretched solitude?

*Cora.* Give me back my child! [*Goes into the Hut, and calls*] Fernando!

*Alon.* Almighty powers! do my eyes deceive me? Las-Casas!

*Las-Cas.* Alonzo, my beloved young friend!

*Alon.* My revered instructor! [*Embracing.*

*Cora.* [*Returned.*] Will you embrace this man before he restores my boy?

*Alon.* Alas, my friend—in what a moment of misery do we meet!

*Cora.* Yet his look is goodness and humanity.— Good old man, have compassion on a wretched mother—and I will be your servant while I live.— But do not, for pity's sake—do not say you have him not—do not say you have not seen him.

[*Runs into the Wood.*

*Las-Cas.* What can this mean?

*Alon.* She is my wife.—Just rescued from the Spaniards' prison, I learned she had fled to this wild forest—Hearing my voice, she left the child, and flew to meet me—he was left sleeping under yonder tree.

*Las-Cas.* How! did you leave him?

[*CORA returns.*

*Cora.* O, you are right!—right!—unnatural mother, that I was—I left my child—I forsook my innocent—but I will fly to the earth's brink but I will find him.

[*Runs out.*

*Alon.* Forgive me, Las-Casas, I must follow her: for at night I attempt brave Rolla's rescue.

*Las-Cas.* I will not leave thee, Alonzo—you must try to lead her to the right—that way lies your camp—Wait not my infirm steps,—I follow thee, my friend.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Out-post of the Spanish Camp. — The back Ground wild and rocky, with a Torrent falling down the Precipice, over which a Bridge is formed by a felled Tree. Trumpets sound without.*

*Almagro.* [*Without.*] Bear him along—his story must be false. [*Entering.*]

*ROLLA, in Chains, brought in by Soldiers.*

*Rol.* False!—Rolla utter falsehood!—I would I had thee in a desert with thy troop around thee;—and I, but with my sword in this unshackled hand! [*Trumpets without.*]

*Alm.* Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected like a spy, skulking through our camp?

*Rol.* Skulking!

*Alm.* But answer to the general—he is here.

*Enter PIZARRO.*

*Piz.* What do I see! Rolla!

*Rol.* O! to thy surprise, no doubt.

*Piz.* And bound too!

*Rol.* So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

*Alm.* The guards surprised him passing our outpost.

*Piz.* Release him instantly.—Believe me, I regret this insult.

*Rol.* You feel then as you ought.

*Piz.* Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed—Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's. [*Gives a sword.*] The Spaniards know the courtesy that's due to valour.

*Rol.* And the Peruvian how to forget offence.

*Piz.* May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes?

*Rol.* When the sea divides us; yes!—May I now depart?

*Piz.* Freely.

*Rol.* And shall I not again be intercepted?

*Piz.* No!—let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

*Enter DAVILLA and Soldiers, with the Child.*

*Dav.* Here are two soldiers, captived yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold,—and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

*Piz.* Silence, imprudent!—Seest thou not—?

[*Pointing to ROLLA.*]



*Dav.* In their way, they found a Peruvian child, who seems ——

*Piz.* What is the imp to me? — Bid them toss it into the sea.

*Rol.* Gracious heavens! 'it is Alonzo's child! — give it to me.

*Piz.* Ha! Alonzo's child! — Welcome, thou pretty hostage. — Now Alonzo is again my prisoner!

*Rol.* Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother?

*Piz.* Will I not! — What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of the victorious fight — think'st thou I shall not have a check upon the valour of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

*Rol.* I do not understand you.

*Piz.* My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo! — and this pledge may help to settle the account.

*Rol.* Man! man! — Art thou a man? — Couldst thou hurt that innocent? — By Heaven! it's smiling in thy face.

*Piz.* Tell me, does it resemble Cora?

*Rol.* Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire. — If thou dost harm that child — think not his blood will sink into the barren sand — No! — faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant

heart, 'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on his accursed destroyer's head.

*Piz.* Be that peril mine.

*Rol.* [*Throwing himself at his feet.*] Behold me at thy feet—Me, Rolla!—me, the preserver of thy life!—Me, that have never yet bent or bowed before created man!—In humble agony I sue to you—prostrate I implore you—but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

*Piz.* Rolla! still art thou free to go—this boy remains with me.

*Rol.* Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine! [*Seizes the Child.*]—Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot.

[*Exit, with the Child.*]

*Piz.* Pursue him instantly—but spare his life. [*Exeunt ALMAGRO and Soldiers.*] With what fury he defends himself!—Ha!—he fells them to the ground—and now——

*Enter ALMAGRO.*

*Alm.* Three of your brave soldiers are already victims to your command to spare this madman's life; and if he once gains the thicket——

*Piz.* Spare him no longer. [*Exit ALMAGRO.*] Their guns must reach him—he'll yet escape—

holloa to those horse — the Peruvian sees them — and now he turns among the rocks — then is his retreat cut off.

[ROLLA crosses the wooden bridge over the cataract, pursued by the Soldiers — they fire at him — a shot strikes him. PIZARRO exclaims —

*Piz.* Now! quick! quick! seize the child! —

[ROLLA tears from the rock the tree which supports the bridge, and retreats by the back ground, bearing off the Child.]

*Re-enter ALMAGRO.*

*Alm.* By hell! he has escaped! — and with the child unhurt.

*Dav.* No — he bears his death with him — Believe me, I saw him struck upon the side.

*Piz.* But the child is saved — Alonzo's child! Oh! the furies of disappointed vengeance!

*Alm.* Away with the revenge of words — let us to deeds — Forget not we have acquired the knowledge of the secret pass, which through the rocky cavern's gloom brings you at once to the strong hold, where are lodged their women and their treasures.

*Piz.* Right, Almagro! Swift as thy thought draw forth a daring and a chosen band — I will not wait

for numbers.—Stay, Almagro! Valverde is informed Elvira dies to-day?

*Alm.* He is — and one request alone she ——

*Piz.* I'll hear of none.

*Alm.* The boon is small—'tis but for the novice habit which you first beheld her in—she wishes not to suffer in the gaudy trappings, which remind her of her shame.

*Piz.* Well, do as thou wilt—but tell Valverde, at our return, as his life shall answer it, to let me hear that she is dead. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

### SCENE III.

#### ATALIBA'S Tent.

*Enter ATALIBA, followed by CORA and ALONZO.*

*Cora.* Oh! Avoid me not, Ataliba! To whom, but to her king, is the wretched mother to address her griefs?—The gods refuse to hear my prayers! Did not my Alonzo fight for you?—And will not my sweet boy, if thou'lt but restore him to me, one day fight thy battles too?

*Alon.* Oh! my suffering love—my poor heart-broken Cora!—you but wound our sovereign's feeling soul, and not relieve thy own.

*Cora.* Is he our sovereign, and has he not the power to give me back my child?

*Ata.* When I reward desert, or can relieve my people, I feel what is the real glory of a king — when I hear them suffer, and cannot aid them, I mourn the impotence of all mortal power.

[*Voices behind.*] Rolla! Rolla! Rolla!

*Enter* ROLLA, *bleeding, with the Child, followed by*  
*Peruvian Soldiers.*

*Rol.* Thy child!

[*Gives the Child into CORA'S arms, and falls.*]

*Cora.* Oh God! — there's blood upon him!

*Rol.* 'Tis my blood, Cora!

*Alon.* Rolla, thou diest!

*Rol.* For thee, and Cora. [Dies.]

*Enter* ORANO.

*Ora.* Treachery has revealed our asylum in the rocks. Even now the foe assails the peaceful band retired for protection there.

*Alon.* Lose not a moment! — Swords be quick! — Your wives and children cry to you — Bear our loved hero's body in the van — 'Twill raise the fury of our men to madness. — Now, fell Pizarro! the death of one of us is near! — Away! Be the word of assault, Revenge and Rolla! [*Exeunt. Charge.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A romantic part of the Recess among the Rocks — Alarms—Women are seen flying, pursued by the Spanish Soldiers.—The Peruvian Soldiers drive the Spaniards back from the Field.—The Fight is continued on the Heights.*

*Enter PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, VALVERDE, and Spanish Soldiers.*

*Piz.* Well!—if surrounded, we must perish in the centre of them—Where do Rolla and Alonzo hide their heads?

*Enter ALONZO, ORANO, and Peruvians.*

*Alon.* Alonzo answers thee, and Alonzo's sword shall speak for Rolla.

*Piz.* Thou know'st the advantage of thy numbers.—Thou dar'st not singly face Pizarro.

*Alon.* Peruvians, stir not a man!—Be this contest only ours.

*Piz.* Spaniards!—observe ye the same. [*Charge.*

[*They fight. ALONZO's shield is broken, and he is beat down.*]

*Piz.* Now, traitor, to thy heart!

[*At this moment ELVIRA enters, habited as when PIZARRO first beheld her.—PIZARRO, appalled, staggers back.—ALONZO renews the fight, and slays him. Loud shouts from the Peruvians.*]

ATALIBA enters, and embraces ALONZO.

*Ata.* My brave Alonzo !

*Alm.* Alonzo, we submit.—Spare us ! we will embark, and leave the coast.

*Val.* Elvira will confess I saved her life ; she has saved thine.

*Alon.* Fear not. You are safe.

[*Spaniards lay down their arms.*]

*Elv.* Valverde speaks the truth ;—nor could he think to meet me here.—An awful impulse which my soul could not resist impelled me hither.

*Alon.* Noble Elvira ! my preserver ! How can I speak what I, Ataliba, and his rescued country, owe to thee ! If amid this grateful nation thou wouldst remain ——

*Elv.* Alonzo, no !—the destination of my future life is fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to atone the guilty errors, which, however masked by shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret heart—When, by my sufferings purified, and penitence sincere, my soul shall dare address the throne of mercy in behalf of others,—for thee, Alonzo—for thy Cora, and thy child,—for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race you reign over, shall Elvira's prayers address the God of nature. Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity—avoid the foul examples

thou hast viewed.—Spaniards returning to your native home, assure your rulers, they mistake the road to glory or to power.—Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

[Casts a look of agony on the dead body of

PIZARRO as she passes, and exit.

*Flourish of trumpets.*

[VALVERDE, ALMAGRO, and Spanish Soldiers, exeunt, bearing off PIZARRO's body.—On a signal from ALONZO, flourish of music.

Alon. Ataliba! think not I wish to check the voice of triumph — when I entreat we first may pay the tribute due to our loved Rolla's memory.

*A solemn march — Procession of Peruvian Soldiers, bearing ROLLA's body on a bier, surrounded by military trophies. The Priests and Priestesses attending chant a dirge over the bier.—ALONZO and CORA kneel on either side of it, and kiss ROLLA's hands in silent agony.—In the looks of the King, and of all present, the triumph of the day is lost, in mourning for the fallen hero.*

[The curtain slowly descends.





## EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

*Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.*

ERE yet Suspense has still'd its throbbing fear,  
Or Melancholy wiped the grateful tear,  
While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,  
A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate,  
Command not now your eyes with grief to flow,  
Lost in a trembling mother's nearer woe ;  
What moral lay shall Poetry rehearse,  
Or how shall Elocution pour the verse  
So sweetly, that its music shall repay  
The loved illusion, which it drives away ?  
Mine is the task, to rigid custom due,  
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,  
To mar the work the tragic scene has wrought,  
To rouse the mind that broods in pensive thought,  
To scare Reflection, which, in absent dreams,  
Still lingers musing on the recent themes ;  
Attention, ere with contemplation tired,  
To turn from all that pleased, from all that fired ;

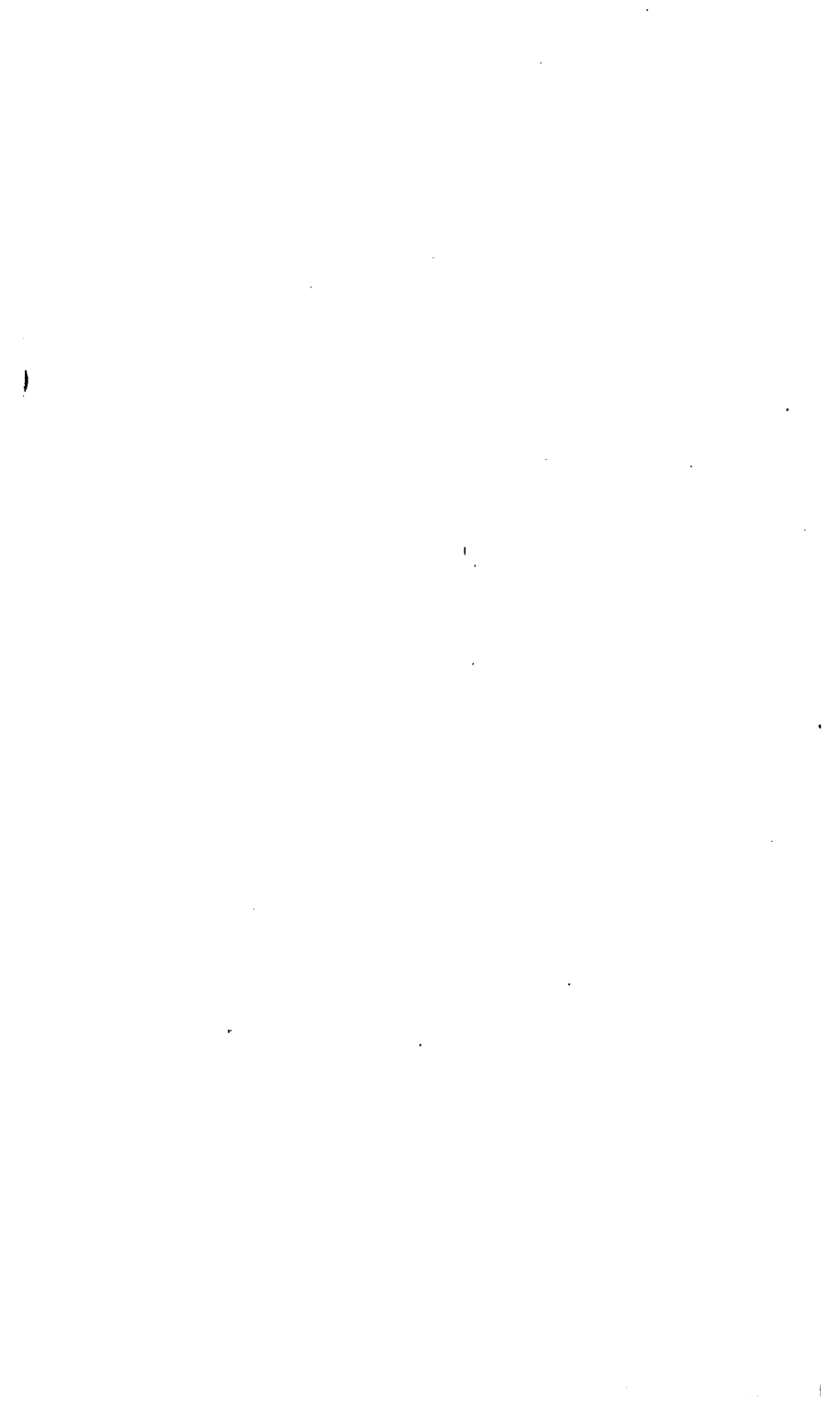
To weaken lessons strongly now imprest,  
And chill the interest glowing in the breast—  
Mine is the task; and be it mine to spare  
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to share;  
Let me with no unhallow'd jest deride  
The sigh, that sweet Compassion owns with pride—  
The sigh of Comfort, to Affliction dear,  
That Kindness heaves, and Virtue loves to hear.  
E'en gay Thalia will not now refuse  
This gentle homage to her sister-muse.

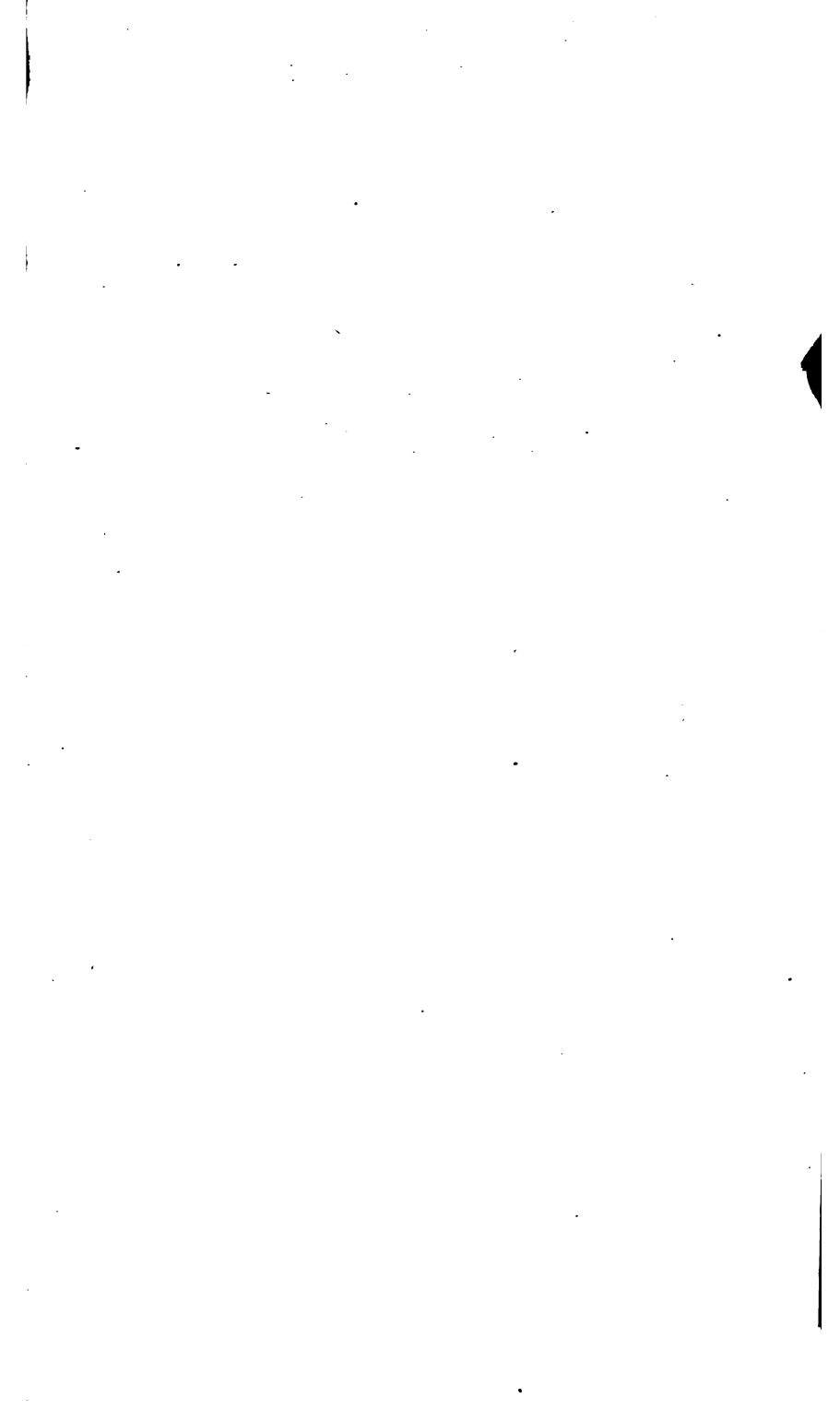
O ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,  
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous pain,  
Who erst have felt the Stranger's lone despair,  
And Haller's settled, sad, remorseful care,  
Does Rolla's pure affection less excite  
The inexpressive anguish of delight?  
Do Cora's fears, which beat without control,  
With less solicitude engross the soul?  
Ah, no! your minds with kindred zeal approve  
Maternal feeling, and heroic love.  
You must approve: where man exists below,  
In temperate climes, or midst drear wastes of snow,  
Or where the solar fires incessant flame,  
Thy laws, all-powerful Nature, are the same:  
Vainly the sophist boasts, he can explain  
The causes of thy universal reign—  
More vainly would his cold presumptuous art  
Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart:  
A voice proclaims thee, that we must believe,  
A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;

That voice poor Cora heard, and closely prest  
Her darling infant to her fearful breast;  
Distracted dared the bloody field to tread,  
And sought Alonzo through the heaps of dead,  
Eager to catch the music of his breath,  
Though faltering in the agonies of death,  
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once more,  
And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd with gore;  
That voice too Rolla heard, and, greatly brave,  
His Cora's dearest treasure died to save;  
Gave to the hopeless parent's arms her child,  
Beheld her transports, and expiring smiled.  
That voice we hear—Oh! be its will obey'd!  
'Tis Valour's impulse, and 'tis Virtue's aid—  
It prompts to all Benevolence admires,  
To all that heav'nly Piety inspires,  
To all that Praise repeats through lengthen'd years,  
That Honour sanctifies, and Time reveres.













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